

# COUNTRY LIFE

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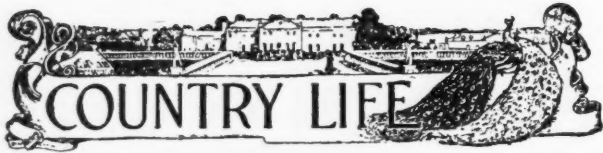
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MISS ALICE HUGHES.

*H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.*

52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## COUNTRY HOUSE . . . DIARIES.

THE publication in our library of the shooting journal of the second Earl of Malmesbury, under the title of "Half a Century of Sport in Hampshire," naturally gives rise to many reflections, the most prominent of which is, how useful it would have been if other country gentlemen had followed the example he set. At the moment, it may seem scarcely worth while to jot down the occurrences of the day—the number of shots that have killed and the number that missed, the birds and beasts that went to form the bag, and other particulars of a day's shooting. But knowledge is expanded generally by comparison, and there are few who take any interest in sport and natural history who have not found that the material for comparison is too small. An example occurs to the mind. Two years ago, when an exceedingly wet period occurred, there was a prolonged argument as to whether the season had beaten previous records or not. The Meteorological Office is an institution of comparatively new standing; private data were not available for more than a hundred years, and they were not of much value. The climate of England is so extremely variable that to draw any general conclusion about it it is necessary to have observations taken in many places that are far apart from one another. There are a few country houses in which it has been the custom for several generations to take notes of the weather. There is at least one great family of the North, every member of which might almost be recognised in any part of the world by the fact that he has been taught from childhood to note the weather, and its signs.

But this is exceptional; generally, the weather is thought to have had all the attention that it deserves, when it supplies the material for a few minutes conversation at the tea or dinner table. One of the features of Lord Malmesbury's journal, which adds value to it, is that he took careful weather notes. We have, for example, a most detailed account of the extraordinary drought that prevailed during the latter part of the spring and the early summer of 1810. From April 17th to May 9th not a drop of rain fell, and the nights were clear and frosty; the period from May 18th to June 13th again was perfectly rainless, while there was generally frost at night. Such a record as this is most useful for purposes of comparison.

The shooting journal kept by Lord Malmesbury simply teems with facts that other sportsmen and naturalists would be glad to know. He was evidently a man who kept his eyes always open for the observation of Nature when he was out shooting. At night he made a diary of the day's proceedings, while at the end of the season he tabulated the events of each day into a convenient summary. Perhaps the conclusion that will naturally be drawn from these statistics is, that the varieties of sporting birds and beasts were very much the same a hundred years ago as they are to-day. In 1806 we find that the mainstay of shooting at Heron Court was partridges, with snipe coming far behind as second, and pheasants next. A good many woodcock were killed, one quail, one black game, two landrails, and a dozen of miscellaneous wildfowl. Hares and rabbits were equally plentiful. Lord Malmesbury seems to have seen more rabbits than hares, but to have shot more of the latter. Probably the steady gait of the hare made it an easier target for the fowling-piece of the time, concerning which we have the following curious entry, in this very year: "I blew out the touch-hole of my left-hand barrel (though I killed the bird with the shot) the first time I made use of it." As to the shooting, it must have been vastly different then from that which prevails now. On October 26th, 1807, we learn that "Lord Palmerston and William Sloane were out with me. I was desirous of showing them sport, and we only killed one pheasant owing to the weather." Such an occurrence would be practically impossible to-day. At any rate, the host who had the Prime Minister as a guest would take care that even in the worst of weather he would see plenty of pheasants. But then Lord Malmesbury lived in days before the preservation of game had been thought of in this country, when guns were muzzle-loaded, and when to shoot flying was an accomplishment to be proud of.

From the account Lord Malmesbury gives of his shooting on the Continent, it would appear that our neighbours were far in front of us. His description of a *chasse* at Hinkenbrunn, the hunting seat of Prince Esterhazy in Hungary, is curiously vivid; the whole of a large wood was surrounded by nets about 4ft. high, which were watched by women and children at every 100yds. and "a vast number of gamekeepers and peasants had been employed all day and night in driving the game within this net." Every shooter had a post allotted to him, eighteen stakes being brought for that purpose, and each man was placed about 20yds. from his neighbour. Each shooter had three loaders, and had six guns carried on a stand behind by a peasant. We must give Lord Malmesbury's account of all that follows: "We walked 6 times backwards and forwards the length of this remise. Whenever the line reached the extremities, it faced outwards from the centre, and filed off by the wings into the corners, where it remained till the peasants had gone beyond the high wood, and driven the game back again into the low cover, so that but little could escape us. The whole lasted till past 3 p.m. In advancing, no one was allowed to step out and pick up the slain, but this was done by the peasants as they stepped over them. The remise had here and there higher clumps of brush-wood interspersed with it, where I have seen the pheasants rise by fifties together." Lord Malmesbury did very well, killing 109 head himself, and using six guns, of which one was a favourite double-barrelled Manton. He bagged 25 hares, 2 woodcocks, 2 partridges, and about 80 pheasants, and he tells us that "930 peasants and keepers were employed in this *chasse*, allowed to be the finest thing of the sort given in Germany." The total bag for the day was 877 head killed on the spot, and consisting of hares, pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks; but after the drive was over 47 head were picked up, and on the next day 84 head, making altogether a total of 1,008 head.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, whose visit with the Prince of Wales to India has been and is evoking such widespread and universal expressions of loyalty from all its various peoples. The drive through the Khyber Pass on Monday last, with an escort of Afridis, a tribe so lately our enemies, is a striking testimony to the power our nation has of gaining the loyal confidence of native races.



# COUNTRY



## NOTES

**H**ISTORY is being made in Russia at an alarming rate, while the nations look on with something approaching apathy. Each of them has its own special interest which is engrossing its attention, or otherwise this revolution would be studied far more closely. The state of things is one which would require the historian of the French Revolution to do it justice. The state of business is described in the newspapers as being one of absolute paralysis. The post and telegraph offices at St. Petersburg are occupied by troops, communication with Siberia is completely cut off, the telegraph office there is being closed, and the streets of the capital appear to be given up to anarchy. We are told that no woman dare go abroad by herself without undergoing the danger of being stopped by hooligans, who hold her arms until appeased by money. Men scarcely dare go about unarmed, while drunken soldiers and sailors have taken possession of the chief thoroughfares, and go rioting round the town. Many of the inhabitants are making as fast as they can for the frontier, and the engine-drivers of the trains require military guardianship lest the mob should kill them. When all this appears in history it will startle readers more than it does in the transaction.

The arrival of Lord and Lady Curzon at Charing Cross Station was almost royal in its character; seldom, indeed, has one who returns to his native land been met on the platform by such a distinguished assembly of friends. It was by a curious coincidence that Lord Curzon should come back on the very evening on which Mr. Balfour announced his resignation to the King. When Lord Curzon went to India as Viceroy, one of his regrets was that his appointment cut short his career in the House of Commons. There is now, however, no reason why he should not resume it. With the demise of the present Government it is practically certain that politics will enter on a new and lively phase, and the opportunities for winning distinction are at least equally great in opposition as they are in office. Lord Curzon received a hearty welcome at the railway-station, but he would be received with even greater enthusiasm if he made up his mind once more to enter the House of Commons.

A short time ago we commented on the enterprise of the Lyceum Club in giving a luncheon to the Bishop of London, and being the cause of his delivering a most interesting speech on the part played by women in modern development. They have done something even more noteworthy in asking the German Ambassador to be present at a similar entertainment. Needless to say, the proceedings were extremely interesting, and, without in any degree undervaluing the utterances of Count Metternich and the other speakers, we venture to think that a most important effect has been produced on the Continent. An extensive report of the proceedings was disseminated by one of the Press agencies, and it is evident from the comments in the German newspapers that the friendliness of the gathering has impressed our neighbours very much. They seem to see in it the beginning of new and friendly relations between this country and Germany. This is as it should be. If the friends of peace will continue to work on the same lines, and not be afraid of showing that this country is far from wanting to quarrel, the

war that has so long seemed to be threatening may yet be averted. It seems to have surprised the Teutons very much that another European scare was started by the singular utterance at the opening of the Reichstag by the Kaiser. But he has cried "wolf" so often that less significance is attached to his words than to those of any other potentate of equal standing.

It is never easy to calculate beforehand what impression will be made abroad by the action of Parliament at home. The revision of the Poor Law has evidently suggested to many Continental journalists that pauperism offers an insuperable difficulty in Great Britain, but if they were to investigate the thing thoroughly they would probably find this to be a mistake. The truth is that we have been in the habit of bestowing more care upon the poor than is the case in any of the Continental countries. Another point is that we make no concealment of the fact of there being poverty in our midst, but, on the contrary, welcome every revelation of it, nor can there be any doubt of this being the healthier way of proceeding. Even the nominal increase in the number of paupers is in a measure due to our solicitude for the poor. The more generous the help that is given the larger must be the number relieved; therefore the comparison between Great Britain and any other country cannot be properly instituted with the poor relief figures as a basis.

The plea set forth by Mr. John Leyland for the establishment of a National Museum of Naval History ought to meet with the sympathy of the citizens of a country whose chief distinction is that it is "set in the silver sea" and has ships only for its bulwarks. But apart from this more or less sentimental consideration, the museum would on its own account be full of interest and instruction. Science has not made a greater change in anything than it has in our ships of war. It is but a hundred years since the most glorious of all our sea victories was fought with wooden sailing ships, and the mere contrast between such a vessel as Nelson's Victory and those black and sinister-looking vessels which may be seen by any visitor to Portsmouth is one of the most striking imaginable. Picturesqueness is all in favour of the older vessel, which looked so gallant with all her sails set. But the modern engine, if less beautiful, is much more deadly, and a collection that would show how the present battleship has been gradually evolved from the older form would, in itself, create a most enthralling chapter of history. To read of such things strikes the attention, and to see them would do so much more.

### SNOWDROPS.

Snowdrop, in Springs to be  
When popped dreams I keep,  
Grow thou not over me  
Lying asleep.

Else might I sadden when  
Winds in the bells of thee  
Waking Earth up again  
Cannot wake me.

A. H.

With the death of Cameron of Lochiel there has passed away a Highland Laird of the best type. He belonged to a family that was one of the most renowned in the North of Scotland, and, we may add, one of the oldest, since he was the twenty-fourth chief of the clan. His forefathers had acted as great part alike in history and romance. The land of the Highlands, in which Sir Walter Scott especially delighted, is full of the name of Lochiel, and subsequent events in Scottish history, notably the disastrous field of Culloden, are closely associated with the fortunes of the clan. Born in an earlier time, Duncan Cameron would have been a chief with a "tail," who dispensed hospitality to his friends and waged war against his enemies; who had a following of devoted adherents, and would have been regarded by them as holding life and death in his hands. But he accommodated himself well to our less-stirring times, and was a country gentleman of the best Scottish type. He interested himself alike in national and local movements, he was a good sport man, a splendid host, and was loved by his tenantry and dependents. He has left a son to succeed him, who, according to all who know him, is likely to carry on the best traditions of the family.

The preliminary statement of the agricultural returns of Great Britain for 1905 is very instructive. The production of wheat, for instance, sprang up during the present year to fifty-five million bushels, as compared with thirty-four million bushels last year, and an average of only thirty million for the ten years 1895-1904. There has been a falling off, however, for Scotland in the cultivation of wheat; but still the figures for Great Britain show a considerable advance, and we may fairly expect that this movement will be continued through the

present year. The farmers were fortunate in having an extremely favourable seedtime, and though there was a very great drop in the price of wheat when the news was announced of the bumper crop in Canada, the price has been steadily increasing for many weeks past, and promises in a little while to be as high as it was last year. Of barley almost the same tale is told, and also of oats, though the production of beans and peas is much smaller than it used to be. The potato crop also showed a great diminution, turnips an increase, and mangold a falling off. It would seem, therefore, from these preliminary returns that land has been taken from root-growing and devoted to cereals. Perhaps the time is not far distant when it will be taken for the same purpose from permanent pasture.

At the livestock shows there is the keenest rivalry between the patrons of the various breeds. It appeared to be settled by the King's brilliant victory at Birmingham that the Hereford had established its claim to first place, at least for the time being, and the Aberdeen-Angus men were somewhat depressed. The result of the competition at Smithfield, however, ought to raise the spirits of the latter, as the prize for the best animal in the show was given to a black heifer belonging to Colonel McInroy. This splendid animal came into the ring with a record equal to that of the King's steer, inasmuch as it had carried off the first prize at the Scottish National Show the week before, while His Majesty received the reserve ticket for the same beast that had carried off that honour at Birmingham. It would be difficult to draw any general deduction from the fact, inasmuch as the heifer had obviously gone out of condition since its famous victory.

Milk is such a very important article of diet in our times that the public has every reason to be thankful to Dr. Collingridge, the Medical Officer of the City of London. His latest report shows that the character of milk still leaves a great deal to be desired. It is stated in the report that the results point to "the grossest carelessness, amounting in fact to criminal negligence. One third of the samples taken were unfit for use, while 9 per cent. were infected with the tubercle bacillus." It is most difficult to trace this bacillus to its place of origin. Most of the large dairy companies in London receive their milk from a considerable number of farms, and Dr. Collingridge found that they had no means, in many cases, of identifying any particular sample to which he objected. He points out that there is "no evidence to show any systematic inspection of the farms" supplying one of the companies which was selling milk from a diseased cow. In another case it was shown that the germs of disease had not been derived from a particular cow, but must have obtained access to the milk from another source. This points to the additional care that is required to see that the milk sent is free from contamination, either at the hands of the milkers, or in conveyance from the farms where it is produced to the town at which it is consumed. Dr. Collingridge thinks that the regulations of the Local Government Board and the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries are sufficient to ensure pure milk if they were put in force, and the onus of doing this lies with the local authorities.

The idea of holding an exhibition of fruit from the Colonies was a very welcome one, and it would be still more satisfactory if means could be adopted for substituting colonial produce for foreign produce in our markets. Things have been entirely changed within the last few years. So long as fruit could not be conveyed a great distance, we were practically dependent upon our closest neighbours for as much of it as we could not grow ourselves. But the manner in which cold storage has been perfected now enables the grower in Canada, the West Indies, South Africa, and Australia to compete on fairly equal terms with his Continental rivals. It was most desirable that the attention of the public should be drawn to this revolution in fruit marketing, and we have no doubt that one wholesome effect of the exhibition now being held will be to induce customers to ask the greengrocer to supply them with colonial fruit.

The well-attended conference between the representatives of the Devon and Cornwall sea-fisheries committees, which took place lately at Plymouth, expressed some outspoken views with regard to the passive attitude of the subsidised Marine Biological Association, criticising the apparent indifference of that scientific body to many pressing problems of local moment in its absorption in the International Investigation of the North Sea. The dogfish plague is virtually a Plymouth question, as it is the drift-net-fishing at that port which chiefly bears the brunt of this visitation, and the schism is mainly between Mr. Howard Dunn and the others who advocate dynamite as a drastic but effectual remedy, and the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, represented on that occasion by Dr. Masterman, who, in an able speech, set forth the chief objections to the proposed cure. A suggestion made by Dr. Masterman was that the railway companies (the London and South Western and Great

Western) be approached with a view to reducing the freight on dogfish, a solution with which, he said, the President of his Department was in warm sympathy.

A curious discovery has just been made in the Isle of Man. While workmen were engaged in excavation for the purpose of structural changes which Lord Raglan is carrying out at Castle Rushen, they came upon the foundations of a minting-house. The remains seem almost to be complete. There are a sunken fireplace, several crucibles, and a quantity of copper dross. In addition to this a number of Derby coins were discovered, so that the inference seems to be plain that this was the minting-house where the Earls of Derby coined their money when they were Kings of Man. Such a discovery would have greatly delighted the author of "Peveril of the Peak" when he was making enquiries preliminary to writing that immortal novel.

It is announced that the churchyard of Alloway will henceforth be closed to burial. One hundred years ago, when Robert Burns was a child, it was an antiquity, as we all know by the reference in "Tam o' Shanter" to "Alloway's old haunted kirk," and for 600 or 700 years the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" have been laid to rest within its decaying walls. It is calculated that several thousands of bodies have been buried there. Modern sanitary ideas revolt against an overcrowded burial-place, and no one is likely to dispute the wisdom of closing it. But, at the same time, the place is not only a relic of the past, but, in the best sense of the word, a sacred one; and it is to be hoped that every precaution will be taken to maintain it in the condition in which it has been left, as an interesting memorial of the past, not only to the readers of Burns's poetry, but to all those whose imagination tries at times to figure the ages which have fled.

The robberies from the Post Office which have taken place recently are of a kind to awaken a certain admiration for the ingenuity of the thieves, but it is tempered by the reflection that they make the transmission of articles by post a somewhat risky proceeding. The other day a gentlemanly man went up to a postman who was clearing a pillar-box, and said he had dropped a letter. When the man went to pick it up, the thief made off with the registered letters, many of which contained coins and articles of value. As long as people transmit their money by means of Postal Orders, it is possible to do so with a fair degree of safety, but there is no way of tracing coins, and the thieves would be able to dispose of them without difficulty. The same remark may be made about articles of value; where these are of gold or silver they can easily be melted. It would appear incumbent on the Post Office to take regular steps for effectually safe-guarding the articles consigned to their care.

It is not often that the memory of an English painter is honoured by a statue in Paris, as it is almost a commonplace for painters to say that the English are inartistic as compared with the French, though probably this judgment is a little superficial. However, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Carvers have commissioned M. Rodin to make a statue to the most French of English painters, James Whistler. It is to be hoped that the project will be carried out, for M. Rodin, though occasionally somewhat melodramatic in his statues, as in the famous one of Balzac, is beyond question one of the greatest artists in our midst, and his representation of Whistler would be certain to be distinguished, whether it were to the liking of all of us or not. The only doubt that arises is as to the capacity of the International Society to carry out their design. They form a very estimable body, but not a rich one, and, as M. Rodin complains, one at least of their most promising schemes fell through owing to lack of funds.

A shocking case of cruelty to maimed rabbits was tried this week at St. Columb, when the magistrate, declaring that this was the worst case ever brought before him, fined a youth named Ford £5 and costs for packing a number of rabbits alive, but with legs broken in the traps. He had made the callous excuse that if he had killed them, they would not have kept for the market. In pleading guilty, he urged youthfulness as an extenuation of his offence. The R.S.P.C.A. did well to bring the case before the Bench, and such barbarity suggests as a preventive of such acts the imposition of a nominal licence on those who deal in rabbits, such licence to be suspended or withdrawn by the Bench after a conviction. Some such remedy would be more effectual than the imposition of a mere fine, though Mr. Willyams did well in making the penalty, so far as lay in his power, exemplary.

A curious case, or a curious plea of justification, whichever way one likes to put it, came before the magistrates at Saffron Walden the other day. A man was brought up there charged with killing a partridge without a licence. He admitted



the offence, without reserve, but pleaded that he had found the bird wounded, and had killed it to put it out of its pain. The Bench imposed the moderate fine of 6d., with costs. Evidently this is what it is customary and modern to call "a hard case." Supposing that two men come to a wounded partridge lying beside the path, and that the one passes it by and leaves it to die a death of lingering agony, and the other mercifully wrings its neck, the latter for his act of mercy is liable to a fine, and has broken the law of man. The former, by his inhumanity, has perhaps broken a higher law, but it is a law for the breach of which the penalty is not so immediate nor so obvious. On the other hand, if the Bench were to let a man go scatheless for killing a partridge that was wounded, the plea of putting the bird out of its pain might be brought forward to excuse the wilful killing of many a bird that had no wound. The wound is hard to prove, for beside a highway many birds are wounded, without a shot, by flying against telegraph wires. And if it be argued that no man would be likely to have the chance of killing an unwounded bird, the answer is that such an argument is unsound, because partridges, particularly French birds, in heavy ground and snow often refuse to rise, especially if they have lately been forced to take wing, and will permit themselves to be knocked on the head or picked up by a dog. The case, therefore, is beset with difficulties.

The year has been very generally favourable to all natural products, and the mast of the beech has not been an exception. Neither the mast of the beech nor the acorn of the oak is any longer held in esteem in this country as providing food for man, but the pigs in many places get a deal of their fattening from them. In the New Forest the "ovest" or "pannage" of the pigs is quite a valuable right of the commoners. The "pannage" months, that is to say the time at which pigs can be turned out to feed on these dainties, are now at an end, running from September 25th to November 22nd; but though over for the pigs, there are many of the wild creatures that are still feeding on

the "pannage" bounteously. The wood-pigeons are in countless numbers, their native forces swelled by the addition of many migrants from overseas. Chaffinches, too, are extremely fond of the beech mast, and rise up almost in a little cloud from places where it lies thickly on the ground. Numbers of tits, also, of all our commoner kinds, except the long-tailed, are frequenting the same haunts, but one does not know whether it is the nut itself or some insect nut-eater that they are after. Probably they do a little pecking at both, for they are tolerably omnivorous.

There can be not the slightest doubt that Mr. E. T. Gurdon struck the right note in his speech the other day at the Great Eastern Hotel about the "all black" and all-conquering New Zealand football team, when he said roundly that it was composed of better men, faster, more fit, better handlers of the ball in passing, and better kickers. Mr. Gurdon speaks with all the authority of an old international player and president of the Rugby Union, and his remarks would command attention even if they did not coincide so exactly with the unprejudiced opinion of all reasonable judges. We have, as a matter of fact, heard too much, by way of explanation of the overwhelming success of the New Zealanders and the comparative failure of our own players, of the merits of this or that form of combination and system of attack or defence. The real truth is that the Colonials' victories have been won not because five men here or five there were posted differently from their opponents, but because their fifteen men were just a little different from the fifteen of their opponents—that is to say, were just a little better. Mr. Gurdon goes so far as to indicate that the New Zealanders pay even less attention than our men to the supposed science, being "not afraid of the ball," not "passing for passing's sake," and "always making progress in their runs." He prophesies that the visit of the New Zealanders will act as a useful stimulus to our own Rugby football, which has been too long steeped in a self-content which is now proved fatuous.

## LOVE AND "LOVE-AGAIN."

A "MYTH."

Long ago, how long ago!  
Flitting, flashing, to and fro,  
Where the dazzling lilies grow,  
And the roses flame and snow,  
And the beds of bloom and spice  
Gem the lawns of Paradise:

Like to pairs of butterflies,  
Powdery-winged and sprent with eyes,  
Circling, chasing one another,  
Flew a myriad Loves, each brother  
Twinned and tied with golden chain  
To a sister "Love-again."

Happy æon, wherefore shattered?  
Heavenly legion, wherefore scattered?  
Was it some sad sin to purge,  
Wrack of jealous Demiurge,  
Or fell fiend? We know not why,  
'Tis the primal mystery.

Heaven decreed their banishment,  
To a world of shadows sent,  
They must suffer mortal birth,  
Dree a weary weird on earth,  
Dungeoned human breasts within  
Till each find his ancient twin.

So each heart is born with yearning  
For his heavenly playmate burning;  
Some with rare and blissful fate  
In the cradle find their mate;  
Straight the scarcely-severed chain  
Love relinks to "Love-again."

Some in that enchanted hour  
When life bursts in sudden flower,  
Drawn in unimagined ways,  
Catch the clue and thrird the maze,  
Clasp and kiss the destined queen;  
But the rest through toil and teen,

Wide and long and lonely wander,  
Substance, force, and beauty, squander,  
Sore the searching, sere the finding,  
Thro' salt seas of tears and blinding,  
And the best of life is over  
Ere true love, true love discover.

And some dream, delay, and dally,  
To the quest too late they rally,  
Or they clutch with mad misprision  
Empty wraith and idle vision,  
Scarcely with world-wearied feet  
On the grave's gray border meet.

Yet when all was lost, is found,  
When the "Great Year" comes fully round,  
When the stars resume their station,  
In the cycle's consummation,  
And renew the strain that ran  
While the cosmic dance began:

Then shall be the second bliss,  
Not a soul his joy shall miss  
Linked for ever, art and part,  
With the mate that halved his heart;  
Then returns the "Golden Reign"  
Love rejoined to "Love-again."

T. HERBERT WARREN.

## CHRISTMAS LAMBS.



Copyright.

LYING IN THE LEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

**W**HEN describing the flock of Dorset horns belonging to Mr. Flower a few weeks ago, we promised to give some further account of their early lambing. In order to fulfil this promise our representative went down to West Stafford on November 26th and procured the pictures which we have the pleasure of showing to-day. To such of our North Country readers who have not made the acquaintance of this breed of sheep, the lambs

will seem very extraordinary indeed, and quite out of season. But it is scarcely necessary to say that this early lambing is the great peculiarity of the Dorset horns. There is no other breed in the world of equal fecundity, and we might add that it would be impossible to name a flock that illustrates this characteristic better than Mr. Flower's. The flock of lambs which we illustrate offers a striking proof of the success of his methods. Of the entire flock



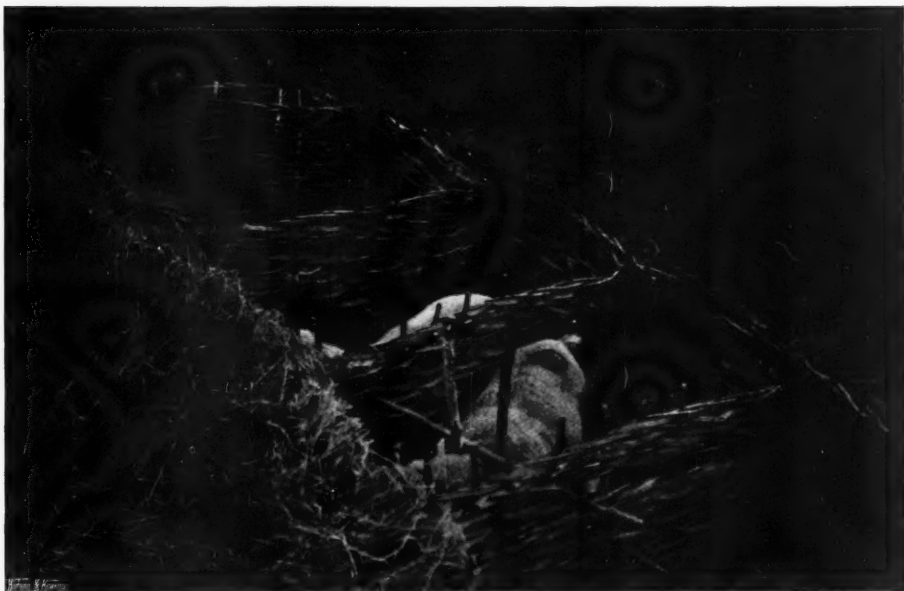
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FOLDED EWES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



of 350 ewes, no fewer than 300 had already lambed at the time when this picture was taken, thus leaving only 50 to do so. Nor does this exhaust the matter, as the excellence of the flock, from a grazing point of view, is shown by the remarkable proportion of twins, and a number of triplets. Quite 75 per cent. of the ewes had 2 lambs each, and 100 ewes were actually rearing twins, while many triplets had been born; but, of course, in no case is any ewe allowed to bring up 3 lambs; indeed, only those that are fit to do so are allowed to rear twins, while in many cases the second lamb is taken away and brought up on cow's milk. When an old ewe has triplets, or a shearling ewe has twins, one of the lambs is usually disposed of, as the business of hand-rearing lambs is a very difficult and tedious one. But there are many outsiders who make a practice of purchasing these discarded lambs, and of bringing them up themselves, for the ultimate purpose of selling them to the butcher. These buyers are, for the most part, dairymen who have a plentiful supply of milk at command. The pedigree of the lambs is not disclosed to them, and they are quite content to bring them up for the table, without



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BIDING THEIR TIME.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of writing not a single one had been lost, will lend additional interest to a short description of the methods employed at



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FEEDING UP THE MOTHERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

forming a flock of their own. The number of lambs that have come from the flock, and the remarkable fact that up to the time

West Stafford. Such results as these could not be achieved with all the care in the world during the period of lambing if a vast amount of preliminary work had not been accomplished. The result speaks, in the first place, of the most careful breeding and selection of the ewes, which must have been, without exception, sound and strong.

In the second place, their previous treatment and general management could only have been of the most skilful kind. In addition to these, it is obvious that Mr. Flower must have the good fortune to possess an uncommonly good shepherd, and, as a matter of fact, many prizes have been taken by this flock, as the best-managed one of its kind in the county of Dorset. The general method of treating the flock was described in our previous article; it only remains to say a few words about what is done at this period. Mr. Flower always lambs the ewes down in the open field, instead of confining them to the yards, and he considers this the more healthy plan. When the ewe lambs, she is placed in pen, such as is shown in our illustration, and a very important point is, that this pen is removed to fresh ground every day. To



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LIVING IS THIRSTY WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

this constant change of ground Mr. Flower attributes not only the remarkable success in rearing the lambs, but the distinction they afterwards win in the show-yard. Those ewes that have only single lambs are penned for a very short time, and, unless the weather is very bad indeed, are quickly driven out into the field. Those with twin lambs are folded separately, and, in ordinary cases, are kept for a day and night in the pen. During that time the ewes are fed on cabbage, which is an excellent food for milk.

After this they go on to pasture. By means of an ingenious contrivance the lambs are allowed access to a field of growing roots, while the sheep are detained in the meadow. But as soon as they are strong enough both lambs and ewes are turned into the growing roots. In ordinary practice, when a ewe has lost her offspring, and it is desired to make her take to another lamb, the method is to cloak the live lamb in the skin of the dead one. But the objection to this is, that when the quickly-growing lamb becomes too large for the skin, and has to discard it, there is considerable danger of its catching cold. A much more ingenious plan is followed at West Stafford; this is, to pen the ewe with her head between two posts, as shown in the picture, so that she cannot move or lie down. She is therefore obliged to let the lamb suckle for a couple of days, after which she makes no resistance to adopting it as her own. The lambing pens and folds at West Stafford are in an open and windswept plateau, where breezes bring health and vigour to the younglings of the flock.

## FROM THE FARMS.

BORDER BUTTER.

A FEATURE of farm service in the Border Counties has long been the giving of perquisites as part of the labourer's wage, and among these ranks prominently the servant's privilege of keeping a cow when the circumstances permit. It is true that of late years



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A LAMB CREEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

all-money payment has been preferred and obtained by many of the people, but even so there are still a goodly number who have a cow kept for them by the farmer, and are charged 3s. per week for its maintenance. If the cow belongs to the worker, he generally subscribes to a cow club,

which at any rate secures him against heavy loss. If the cow belongs to the farmer, as is often the case, the servant gets all the milk but does not have the calf. Now, it is to be easily seen that with half-a-dozen cows or more on most of the larger farms, the annual output of milk on the Borders is very considerable; but, unfortunately, owing to the natural difficulty of conducting dairy-work in the cottages, the quality of the butter has always been distinctly inferior. When it is mentioned that it is no uncommon thing for the cream to be



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ON THE SECOND DAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

kept for a week in a stuffy little dairy, opening out of the cottage living room, before it is churned, need one wonder that the butter is often rancid, or, at the best, endowed with an unpleasantly stale and cheesy flavour? But the cottager has to sell it, and he does so by means of the pernicious barter system. His grocer gives him groceries in exchange for the butter. Some of the latter is so bad that it is only fit to be used as cart grease, and some, of course, is much better; but, generally speaking, the bulk of it does not at all appeal to the palate of anyone accustomed to, say, good Danish butter. As the result, except where it is bartered, there is no sale for it unless at quite unremunerative prices, which spell loss and dissatisfaction to all concerned. At last, however, there is being made a determined attempt to bring about a much-needed reform and to combat the foreigner. It is proposed to establish creameries in various Border districts, with dairy stations for the collection of the milk, which will be taken from all who care to send it, and paid for according to quality, being tested as it arrives. By this means it is hoped to turn out a supply of butter at least as good as that which comes from Denmark and other countries, and, at



Copyright.

TELLING OF THEM OVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



the same time, to free both merchants and farm servants from the mutual bondage in which they are placed by the existing system. The movement has influential backing, and, if it fails, it will not be because it has not been given a fair trial, but rather on account of the ingrained conservatism of the rural person. The difficulty is as much to convince the producer that his butter really is bad as to set in motion the machinery to remedy the evil.

#### MARKETING THEN AND NOW.

A contemporary has just been raising a sad lament about the decay of markets in small towns. It is quite true that in some places these have been discontinued altogether, and the cross where neighbours used to meet to "cheap and chatter" is little more than a monument of antiquity now. But it should be remembered that at the same time new markets have sprung into being; in fact, this is not an act of change, but of transition, and the new market offers a most striking contrast to the old one. Our great-great-grandfathers rode to market on horses, while our great-great-grandmothers rode on a pillion behind them. At church doors, and old hostelries, you can still see the mounting-stone, wherefrom they reached their saddles, and the good man carried his grain, and the wife her butter and eggs, her geese and her chickens. But to-day, the sale by auction has replaced the older institution. If a man has a herd of fat cattle or a flock of lambs to dispose of,

he enters them at one of the periodical sales, and they are put up to auction; as the people who become buyers know what is going to happen, they resort to these places, and the result is very much the same as if the bargain were carried out by chaffer.

#### THE SMITHFIELD SHOW.

The Smithfield Show, after having been established for more than 100 years, is going as merrily as ever. When it began it had only 2 classes for cattle and 2 for sheep; to-day it has 38 classes for cattle, 31 for sheep, 19 for pigs, 12 for carcass competition, and 25 for table poultry, while the money has swollen from £52 10s. to £4,153. The number of entries this year has scarcely realised anticipations, although almost up to the average, amounting to 301 head of cattle, 163 pens of sheep, 107 pens of pigs, or a total of 571. Dead poultry used not to be shown at all in the olden time, and this part of the exhibition is not quite so popular to-day as it used to be. At any rate, there are 187 entries this year, as against 203 last year, and 206 in 1903. Nor are the exhibits confined to living animals, as there is really a fine collection of roots and feeding-stuffs on show, while makers of machinery wisely utilise this opportunity to put their apparatus on view. It is an old fashion to hold Divine service for the herdsmen, shepherds, and other attendants, and this year it was held on Sunday, when the Rev. J. C. Proctor, Vicar of Islington and Rural Dean, officiated.

## A LULLABY.

Sleep, sleep, on Mother's breast,  
Child, my child!  
Close within my arms be pressed.  
O the world is vast and wild,  
Filled with hurt and war and cries!  
Under my eyes close your eyes,  
On my breast rest and nest.

Sleep come soft as water flows,  
Eyes close bind!  
Gentle Sleep that never grows  
Old, indifferent or unkind.  
O but Sleep can never hold you  
As my arms, my darling, fold you,  
Fold you close, fold you close.

Sleep can take you far away,  
Little heart!  
O but in my heart you stay,  
From my heart you cannot part.  
Though the world you wandered, Sweet,  
From my heart those little feet  
Never stray, night or day.

LAURENCE BINYON.

## HEDGEROW TIMBER.

**B**ETWEEN the trees planted in the hedgerows for ornamental purposes and hedgerow timber meant for the purpose of surrounding fields there is a great difference. In the one case, such ornamental trees as the holly and the wild cherry are perfectly in place, though they are not in the other. In some counties, however—notably in Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire—apple trees have been planted in the hedgerows with good results. The apple is of a somewhat inferior description, and is used for cider; not making the best, perhaps, but still a beverage that the farm labourers are quite pleased with. In a leaflet published by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, we are told that there are three points of view from which to regard trees in hedgerows. The first is for ornamental value, the second their importance as making a wind-break, and the third their value as a source of timber. There is a fourth, however, which the writer has omitted, but which deserves mention, and this is the effect on the road. Much hedgerow timber undoubtedly affects the road injuriously, retaining the damp to an uncomfortable degree. We are of opinion that the drawback is more than compensated for by the advantages which such a hedge yields. As a shelter, the writer says very truly that it is not easy to estimate accurately the value of hedgerow timber. Undoubtedly, it diminishes the evaporation from the neighbouring fields, and acts as a shelter for the livestock in time of storm. For this reason it is particularly recommended to the dairy-farmer and livestock-breeder. "To

the arable farmer," the writer says, "hedgerow trees are rarely of much benefit, except in the way of acting as general wind-breaks, for they cause the unequal ripening of crops by shading the ground, while their roots rob the soil in their neighbourhood and cause a reduced yield." The timber itself is seldom of very high value, because the trees are exposed to the strongest winds, and unaided by the competition of other trees around them develop knotty and practically useless wood. The tree recommended most is the English elm. The value of the timber is not high, but it has a tall, straight, and well-shaped bole, a comparatively small crown, and grows rapidly. An additional feature of value connected with it is that it propagates itself rapidly from suckers, so that a succession of saplings is always coming on to take the place of felled timber. In giving some hints about management, the writer ends with a word of caution with regard to driving nails into or fixing wire to trees. "It is a slovenly and objectionable system, and greatly diminishes the value of the timber."

In regard to management, the most important point lies, we think, in the pruning, and the agricultural writer says: "If pruned early enough, the pole-saw or pruning chisel will usually do all that is necessary, and at little expense. Neglected until the branches are large, however, pruning becomes a costly operation, and one tending to blemish the timber. Judicious pruning both improves the quality of the timber, and allows sufficient light to reach the ground below to enable an

ordinary hedge to be maintained in health and vigour. A good deal, however, depends on the soil and climate, a hedge being able to stand more shade where the soil and climate are good than under other circumstances." Closely connected with this is the question of cutting, on which our authority remarks: "It will usually be found that when they are either allowed to grow rough for four or five years, and then cut hard back, or when cut and laid periodically, the hedges are maintained in better health, and are more capable of resisting stock than when cut or trimmed annually. Annual cutting also

prevents tellers and suckers from getting away, as they cannot readily be distinguished from hedge shoots, and are usually cut off. But cut as suggested above, both hedge and suckers have an equal chance, and one is not favoured at the expense of the other. Cutting the timber before it attains too great a size or age also aids in preserving the vigour of a hedge. From 80 to 120 years is quite old enough for elm timber when grown at a normal rate, and at that age it has not overshadowed a hedge long enough to affect its constitutional vitality, provided it has been treated on rational lines."

## FRENCH COUNTRY LIFE IN THE XV<sup>th</sup> CENTURY.

OUR three pictures of old country life are drawn from the twelve illustrations which decorate a noble manuscript, a volume which fell to Mr. Quaritch, by whose courtesy we reproduce them, at the recent sale of the library of the late Earl of Cork. The beauty and remarkable interest of these illuminations will explain

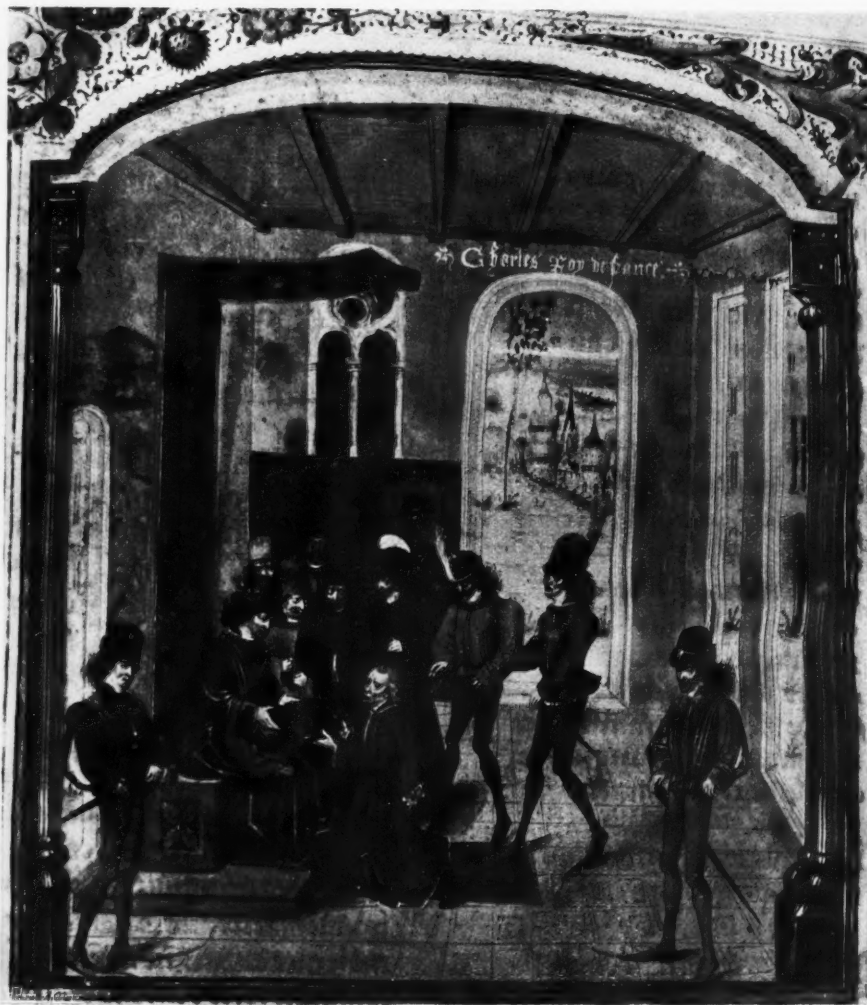
the fact that the bidding for this book reached the sum of £2,600 before it passed into Mr. Quaritch's hands. The book is easily recognised as one of the many versions of a famous treatise. *Cy fine*, says the colophon, *le livre de Rustican des prouffitz rursals compilé de maistre Pierre de Croistens bourgeois de Bologne*. This Maistre Pierre de Croistens of the scribe was Piero de' Crescenzi of Bologna, who died in 1320 after a busy life of ninety years. He had been bred as a jurist, and in middle life left his city to her internal quarrels and travelled through all the states of Italy, practising law and observing the life of the fields. When home again in Bologna as a man of some seventy-five years he wrote the book, which is entitled "*Opus ruralium commodorum*," and dedicated it to Charles II., the King of Sicily. In our days, when success must come to the printed book in a few weeks'

space, or never, it is curious to remark the deliberate growth in popularity of this book of rural economy. It was founded, as a scholar of the thirteenth century must needs find his book upon the wisdom of the ancient world, upon Cato and Varro and Palladius; but Master Peter, who had seen ploughing and grafting in many provinces, was able to give his book the spark of life, and scribes were soon at work upon copies of the treatise for the profit of wide Europe. When the printing press came, Master Peter's work was still in the high tide of its popularity. Augsburg and Strasburg printed it in 1471, Louvain in 1473, Florence in 1478, and Vicenza in 1480, and the author's own native Bologna was still printing it for a husbandman's gospel in 1784.

Out of the many translations from the Latin to the vulgar tongue, the Cork manuscript represents that made for King Charles V. of France, a king who supports his surname of the Wise with a respectable competency. His reign, during which France had some breathing space in which to bind up her wounds, saw books written for a king who was a patron of writers. It was

in this age of Froissart and of Christine de Pisan that the treatise of Piero de' Crescenzi was translated, as the manuscript before us recites, for "the most excellent prince, the most high, most puissant redoubted lord, the most Christian of the catholic kings, Charles, fifth of that name, King of France," by his "poor, little and humble orator." On the first page of the illuminations

we see the translator presenting the finished book to the most Christian of catholic kings. But it must not be believed that we have here the very volume which is there being graciously received by the redoubted lord Charles, for that first translation begat many copies, whereof this splendid version was made, as the costume of the King and courtiers tells us, a full hundred years after the translator had offered his work. Here we see the golden-robed mediæval sovereign seated in open hall upon cushions, under a red canopy, a curtain of blue, wrought with gold, screening him from the breeze of the doorway. Before him is kneeling the black-gowned scribe, holding up to redoubted puissance the *Livre des prouffitz champrestres et rursals*, and about him lounge the young bucks of his court, in the shameless short jackets cursed by the preacher, in the full sleeves slashed open at the sides to show fine

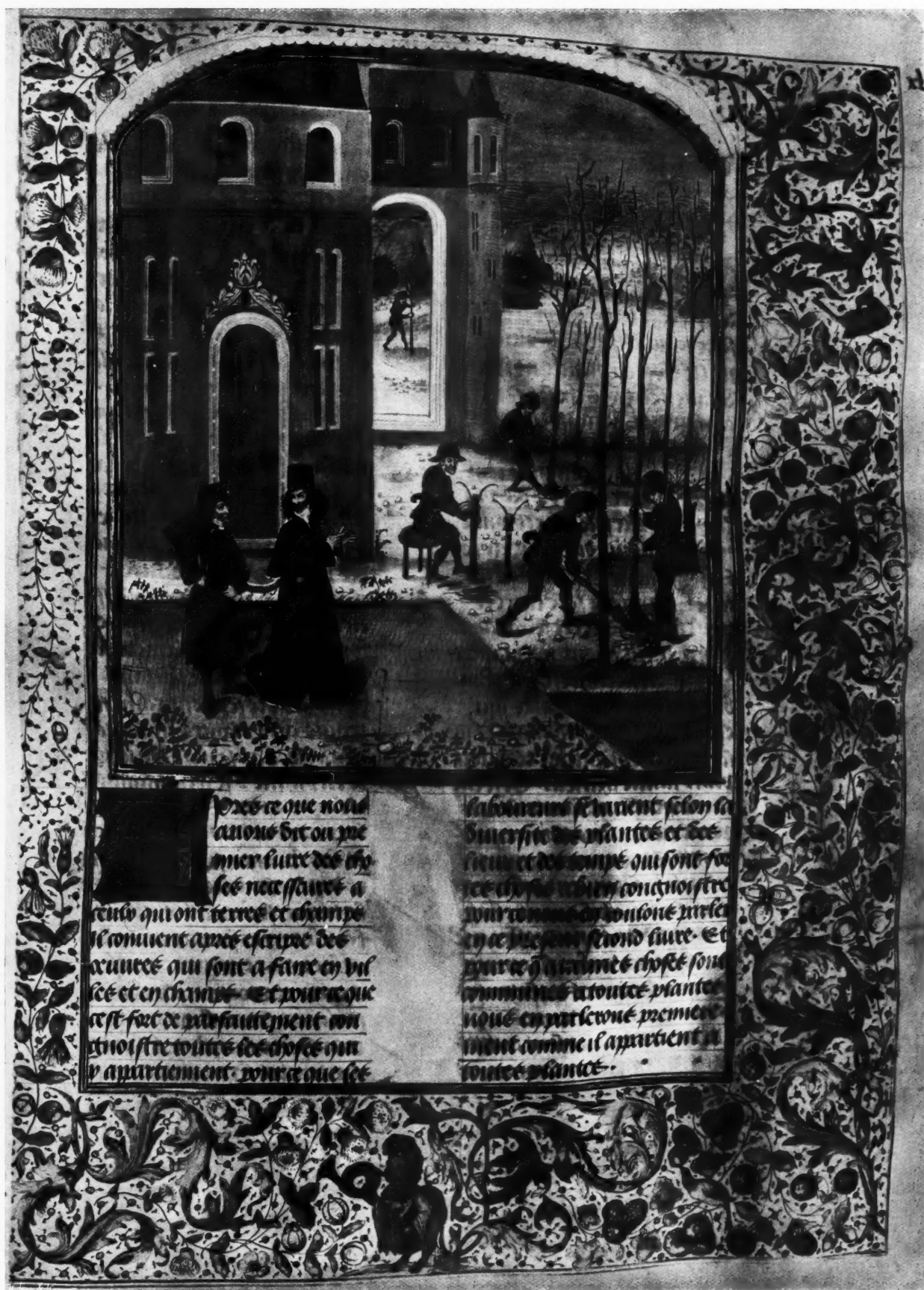


PRESENTING THE FINISHED BOOK.

linen. Even so would they indeed have stood when the poor clerk came into hall with the burden of his penwork, swaggering, with their fingers on the pommels of their swords and long daggers. Mark but, as the clerk would have marked, the abomination of those long-toed shoes—shoes whose points are half as long again as the sole; shoes in which, as the clerk will witness, a man must stand to pray, if such popinjays ever make any prayers.

In the next picture we have left the court behind. Master Peter from Bologna, in a blue gown flowing at his heels, and a blue brimless hat above long black hair, is teaching good husbandry to a great lord, the said lord being a thought the better equipped for a stroll about his lands in a short gown of orange hue, the skirt falling below the knee, and furred with grey pelts from thence upward to the thigh. His head has the turban-like hat, with its long liripipe passed across his breast, the end thrown over the left shoulder, as a lady of to-day throws her feather boa. That we are far from the court is to be seen in his shoes, whose points, sharp as they may be, will not trip him in the first rut of the road. The first lesson of Master Peter





LEARNING TO SET YOUNG TREES.

concerns the buildings of the farms, which are, as our picture shows us, to be stout frame-houses, whose timbers, to be filled with wattle and daub, are now open cages, upon which the carpenters toil with mallet and chisel and that long narrow-bladed axe which served many offices for the mediæval carpenter. The thatch has been laid, and thatchers are at work above the dormer window, even as we in England may see them for a few years more.

Another picture, and we with our country lord are learning to set young trees, stamping the soft earth about the roots, whilst an old grafter, with a face full of rural wisdom, is grafting upon a trunked stock. In the next

herbs in the square beds of a garden railed in with a trellis-work, grown to the delight of the lovely lady at her window, slim-waisted and stately in her steeple-crowned cap, with a lawn scarf falling from its height, and here the scythes are thrusting in the meadow grass at the wood's edge, where begins the chapter *des prez et des bois*. Amongst the hay, women, their upper skirt trussed to the knee, and their heads shielded from the sun by long white caps under their broad-brimmed hats, are working with their men. The eighth chapter speaks of orchards and of delectable things, of little trees and herbs, and the ninth, which concerns all beasts found in the fields, brings us to a full farmyard, with cocks and hens and peafowl, sheep and oxen, and a pig, lean and swift as a

hound, who watches our guide with cunning suspicion. A woman stands in the yard with her distaff full of flax, and the farmer's boy of all the ages rides bareback on a fat, grey horse, winding his horn to drive the cattle to the byre. In the tenth chapter we learn "of divers engines for taking birds and wild and cruel beasts"; the snare of cords is spread successfully in the sight of birds who hop all unmoved by the spearing of a wild boar on one side and the spanging of a crossbow on the other. Their calmness is shared by the higher creation, for the angler sitting at the pond-edge is no whit disturbed in his sport by the efforts of the bare-legged man, who has splashed a great net through his water. Last of all, in a courtyard where a peacock walks, we are given *de la connaissance du lieu habitable en commun*.

Thus we have made the tour of his farms with a French lord of the fifteenth century. Our painter, as we see, loves bright colours, and these busy ants of peasants are unbelievably well clad in whole and gay clothes, for who would wish for common fact in its working rags in a book which is worth a king's acceptance? The lord and the learned clerk from Italy have been at our elbow, but nevertheless we have here and there recalled old tales of these fields of France. Before the eighth chapter we saw the rank of one of our companions displayed in the seigneurial dove-cote which rises above his orchard trees. From such a dove-cote came the great multitude of pigeons which, bred as the hawks' meat, devoured the grain of peasants who might not so much as throw a clod to scare them into rising. And those orchard trees and timber trees, were they not set thickly in the poor fields of men who dared not touch their fruit, whose crops were ruined by their shade and spreading roots, who yet must set a new tree where the wind had blown one to earth. The lord who is learning to kill wild and

cruel beasts will come trampling over the farm of the *villain*, and all this industry about the lord's garden and farmyard was the work of those wageless ones, who must serve the great man to-day and feed themselves and their wife and child to-morrow, when the lord may not need their service. Nevertheless, these bright greens and reds may remind us that to every man who sees the seasons round as he works in the field good moments must come. The sun and shade and the morning air remained untaxed by the most ingenious seigneur, and these evilly entreated peasants clung to life and bred descendants who hunted the lord from his château as merrily as ever he hunted the hare in their corn.

OSWALD BARRON.



THE SQUARE BEDS OF THE GARDEN.

scere the flail is thrashing the corn in the barn, and a huge winnowing van of wicker is being emptied in a cornsack, Master Pierre discoursing to us the while concerning corn in the blade and the ear. The vineyard comes next, with pruning of tendrils and gathering of bunches. In the background is an inn, a lordly inn with a shield of arms upon the sign thrust out of a window, under which stands the drawer, who has filled a broad mazer bowl of red wine from the great tun within doors for a traveller who halts on his road. The trees form our next lesson, ranged in neat rows up to the door of the lord's hall, a hall with a checkered pavement, and a red and blue dial in the gable. Here we have flowers and sweet



## THE TRAINING STABLE OF THE SEASON.



W. A. Rouch.

CHERRY LASS.

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THE success of the horses trained by W. T. Robinson at Foxhill is in more ways than one a notable feature of the flat-racing season which came to an end with the recent Manchester Meeting. Not only is the total of £34,466 which stands on the credit side of the Foxhill balance-sheet for the year more than £7,000 ahead of Gilpin's stable, which comes next in order of merit, but out of this amount no less than £23,687 has been won by horses owned and bred by one owner, Colonel W. Hall Walker, whose winning account, large as it is, would have been materially increased had it not been for the fact that his crack two year old, Black Arrow, developed totally unexpected and unlooked-for peculiarities of temper, which interfered to a great extent with a career of exceptional promise, and also for the unfortunate circumstance that for some time previous to the race for the St. Leger his beautiful filly, Cherry Lass, had been amiss, and was entirely

unable to show her true form in that classic contest. Readers of this paper perhaps remember that a short time ago a description of Colonel Hall Walker's breeding establishment at Tully, Kildare, appeared in these pages; and they may, perhaps, be interested in an account of the doings of some of the Tully-bred horses after they have passed from the stud farm into the training stables at Foxhill.

Colonel W. Hall Walker made a most judicious selection when he chose Robinson as his trainer, both on account of his undoubted skill and experience in his profession, and also of the advantages which he possesses in the shape of the splendid gallops on the Russley Downs, which are at his sole disposition. The stables themselves face nearly south-west, and are well sheltered by the hill behind them. A walk of about three-quarters of a mile enables the horses to reach the open expanse of the famous downs on which the



W. A. Rouch.

COLONIA.

Copyright.



W. A. Rouch.

SWEET MARY.

Copyright.



W. A. Rouch.

SIR DANIEL.

Copyright.



W. A. Rouch.

MARK TIME.

Copyright.

gallops are laid out, and if a change of exercise is necessary there is a capital tan gallop, some 14ft. in width and rather more than three-quarters of a mile in circumference, laid out in a field below the house.

The stabling and all that concerns it is completely up-to-date in everything that can be of advantage to the health and comfort of the horses; the boxes are exceptionally roomy and well ventilated, and a gangway about 5ft. wide between the doors of the boxes and the outside wall ensures a free circulation of air throughout the whole range of stabling, and is also a great convenience to owners who may be paying a visit of inspection. A sand-bath has been fitted in a paddock on the right of the lower yard, and the way in which the horses enjoy their roll in it shows that this American notion is of practical value. As arranged at Foxhill it consists of a boarded enclosure about 12ft. wide and 30ft. in length, the inside being covered with a deep bed of fine sand, on which the horses, when admitted to the bath after exercise, at once proceed to roll to their hearts' content. The premises are lit throughout with electric light, supplied from the plant and dynamos which Robinson has had laid down for his own use, and a plentiful supply of water is assured by the windmill pump and reservoir near the top of the hill behind the stables.

Before the end of March evidence was forthcoming that the Foxhill-trained horses would have to be seriously reckoned with, for that speedy filly, Sweet Mary, won the Molyneux Stakes at Liverpool in a canter, and on the same afternoon Vedas disposed of his opponents in the Bickerstaffe Stakes with the greatest of ease. When the month of May came round Robinson made a descent on Newmarket which might not inaptly be compared to one of the border forays of bygone days. Sweet Mary took the Wilbraham Plate, which she won in a canter from Snow Glory, Queen Camilla, and eleven others; Vedas won the Two Thousand Guineas, beating Signorino, Llangibby, and other good horses; Koord-Kizi, well ridden by George McCall, finished first in a field of seventeen runners for the Maiden Two Year Old Selling Plate; Black Arrow made his first appearance in public in the Newmarket Two Year Old Plate, and for once rumour proved to be true, for his performance was more than equal to the reports of his capabilities, and he and McCall came cantering home by themselves six lengths in front of the field. Two more winning rides were in store for the successful jockey when Giulian won the May Plate by a neck and Cherry Lass disposed of all rivals in the One Thousand Guineas. To this list of victories, the Bretby Stakes, won by Melayr, might fairly be added, for although on the day of the race the horse was no longer under Robinson's charge, he had been actually trained by him until two or three days previously. The fortunes of Foxhill were still in the ascendant when Ascot came round, though gallant old Mark Time had to put up with a head beating in the Gold Vase, and Sir Daniel, who started a raging hot favourite for the Royal Hunt Cup, ran very disappointingly in the race. Against these misfortunes are to be placed the Coventry Stakes, won by Black Arrow; the Ascot Stakes, which Sandboy won, a little luckily, perhaps, for Karakoul, who ran second to him, got very badly away when the barrier went up; the New Stakes which served to introduce Colonia to a race-course, and enabled her to make her *début* in the style of a very smart filly; the valuable St. James's Palace Stakes, won by Cherry Lass, who landed the odds laid upon her without an effort; and the Windsor Castle Stakes, which Golden Table won by a short head after a tremendous battle with the Cydaria colt.

At Goodwood varied fortunes befel the representatives of Foxhill, and the successes of Kibrit in the Selling Sweepstakes, Cherry Lass in the Nassau Stakes, and Colonia in the



Molecomb Stakes were overshadowed by the disaster which overtook the stable when Colonel Hall Walker's crack two year old Black Arrow absolutely refused to even take part in the race for the Lavant Stakes, and was only induced with difficulty to return to the paddock after the race was over. Horses are peculiar beings, and it is difficult to understand what can have induced the colt to develop such an aversion to racing, the more so as his previous efforts had been merely exercise canterers for him, and he had never known the stress and strain of a severely-fought-out contest. Whatever the cause may be, one can but hope that when next season comes round this brilliant young race-horse will have recovered himself sufficiently to make amends for the anxiety and disappointment which he has caused to both his owner and trainer. Colonia won the Gimcrack Stakes at York, and was the only winning representative of the stable at Doncaster, where Cherry Lass, who was not by any means herself, had to put up with third place, behind Challacombe and Polymelus, in the race for the St. Leger. As far as Colonel Hall Walker's horses in training at Foxhill are concerned, those which have done best from a pecuniary point of view are Cherry Lass, by Isinglass out of Black Cherry, with a total of £13,119 to her credit, Colonia, by Persimmon out of Sandblast, who has won £4,618 in five races, and Black Arrow, whose three victories amount to £3,019. The record of the stable for the season is one of which Robinson may justly feel proud, for out of about forty-five horses under his care he has sent out twenty-six winners of races, who between them have won on over fifty-three occasions. Scores of good horses have passed through Robinson's hands, and have owed not a little of their success to his consummate knowledge of the trainer's art; but out of them all, perhaps, the one of which he has the fondest recollection is Clorane, who was indeed a horse of exceptional merit. A model of the gallant old horse now does duty as a weather-cock at Foxhill, and serves to remind one of the days when horses trained by W. Robinson were made the mediums of heavy wagers, which, time after time, were snatched out of the fire by a short head in the last stride when ridden by his brother Nat. The life of a trainer who has such an establishment as that at Foxhill under his care is full of fatigue and anxiety; but Robinson himself is tireless, and, no matter how long or full of worry the day may have been, evening finds him just as keen as ever, and full of attention to the smallest details of his business. The proper management of the stable helpers and lads in a large establishment is in itself no light task, but Robinson has found the means of infusing no small measure of his own cheery keenness for work into his staff of assistants, and when work is over, they find that he has not been neglectful in providing for their well-being and amusement. A good cricketer himself, a capital wicket is to be found in front of the house, where many a match takes place when time can be found for so doing; and Robinson shows that, as a bowler, he knows the way to the wickets nearly as well as he used to know the way to the winning-post in his riding days. Of the many brilliant races in which Robinson played the leading part, that for the St. Leger of 1887 will perhaps be remembered the longest, and few who witnessed it will forget the nerve and judgment displayed by the rider of Kilwarlin, who, after being left in an apparently hopeless position, made up his lost ground almost inch by inch, and finally brought up his horse in magnificent style to win a beautifully-ridden race by a neck.

Notwithstanding the many calls made upon him by the duties of his profession, Robinson finds time to indulge in other occupations which he looks upon as recreation. He is, for instance, a thorough farmer, and almost as good a judge of a bullock as he is of a horse, as anyone may see for himself in a walk round the pastures and paddocks pertaining to King Edward's



W. A. Rouch.

BLACK ARROW.

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W. A. Rouch.

MERRY MOMENT.

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W. A. Rouch.

BROTHER BILL.

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Place, a property which he owns in the immediate vicinity of Foxhill, and where he intends to establish a stud farm. It would not be easy to find a place more suitable for the purpose, as the land is thoroughly clean and sweet, and there is ample accommodation for both foaling and barren mares. The first stallion to take up the duties of a sire at the stud farm will be Bill of Portland, to whom mares can be sent for the coming season, and breeders will no doubt reflect that there is every probability that before long this horse will make a name for himself at the stud in this country. He is a beautiful animal, by St. Simon out of Electric Light (a winner herself, and the dam of Lovely, Maxim, Volta, Petrel, Dynamo, Cigar Light, No Trumps, Kilgrain, and Axiom, the dam of Doctrine), by Sterling; and his record as a sire in Australia is an exceptionally good one, for in six years he sired

the winners of more than 190 races, representing a total value of over £50,000. Wild Oats, who is owned by Colonel Hall Walker, will stand at the same place; he is by Bay Ronald out of Wild Rose, and it should be worth noting that his sire has been exported to France, where his son Macdonald won nearly £15,000 in stakes. Wild Oats himself won the Whitsuntide Plate at Hurst Park of 1,000 sovs., in which he beat Hackler's Pride, Caravel, and other good horses, the Rous Memorial Stakes, the Gatwick Stakes, and other races, and he is descended in direct male line from Hampton, of whom he is a typical representative. Winkfield's Pride, who was trained by Robinson at Foxhill, has developed into one of the most successful sires in France, and comes next to Flying Fox in order of merit for the present season, with a total of close on £29,000 to his credit.  
T. H. B.

## OF NORFOLK CHURCHES: CAWSTON.

MANY churches in Norfolk and Suffolk have still existing the fine remains of the best period of ecclesiastical woodwork, ranging from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Both the above-named counties have a celebrity for open timber roofs of a high quality of excellence, and Norfolk, like its sister county, is rich in the remains of the ornate rood-screens, once so plentiful, but in these

days greatly reduced in number by past vandalism or neglect. The roofs of any value at the present time are venerable structures, in sad decay; yet what remains speaks of a distinguished past, showing a combination of great mechanical skill and artistic expression. The unusual size of many of the Norfolk churches, and their profusion of ornamental furniture, were due in chief measure to the county being rich in mercantile affairs for many centuries, with no inconsiderable population, as the number of churches of the present day attest, besides those that have since fallen into decay. There were, besides, many notable families of territorial distinction who played a considerable part in the rearing of the churches of this eastern province, and Cawston Church, the object of these illustrations, was built almost entirely by a member of the great family of de la Pole or Pool, a race that practically was brought into prominence by one William de la Pole, a wealthy merchant of Kingston-upon-Hull in the time of Edward II., and ended, after a very eventful and brilliant course, with Richard, fifth son of John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and Elizabeth his wife, sister of Edward IV., Richard being

slain at the battle of Pavia in 1525, fighting on the side of the French.

Michael de la Pole, lord of the manor of Cawston and the builder of its church (saving the north aisle, which was raised by a Robert Oxburgh), was the son of Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, a dignitary and a favourite of Richard II., who married a daughter of Sir John Wingfield. Michael, the builder of

Cawston Church, had several children by his wife, a daughter of Hugh, Earl of Stafford. He himself died at the siege of Harfleur, 1415, his eldest son was slain at Agincourt, and the second son, William, continued the family by his marriage with the daughter of Thomas Chaucer of Ewelme. Cawston Church consists of a great nave flanked by aisles, a spacious chancel, two large transepts, and a north aisle to the choir, divided into a couple of chapels. It possesses a massive tower of 119ft. high, and has much else exteriorly that is of remark and interest. The present building is on the site of one older, and the first mentioned on the existing list of rectors is Castello in 1189. The present fabric belongs to the end of the fourteenth century and onwards.

It is doubtful if anywhere throughout East Anglia a finer roof of the Early Perpendicular period is extant for size and boldness of conception. There are others in the neighbourhood, notably those of Knapton and Trunch, which are remarkable and beautiful, especially the former, with its double hammer-beams and an exceedingly good company of the angelic host, whose wings literally flutter from every projection



F. H. Evans.

PISCINA AND BENCH-ENDS IN CHANCEL.

Copyright



and intersection; but both the roofs cited cover less stately churches, neither do they rise to the tall height of that of Cawston.

The roof of Cawston Church spans a nave of about 48ft., and covers 88ft. clear in length from the arch that opens to the great tower to the entrance arch of the chancel. The hammer-beams form six large bays either side of the roof, and their lower columns frame as many windows each side of the clerestory. A rich crest-

to, and much was carved and jointed when the wood, to use a technical phrase, was green. The warping of oak under favourable circumstances is uncertain enough, but under the conditions of the building of our forefathers it generally went its own way without hindrance.

One of the striking features in Cawston roof are the angels at the end of each hammer-beam with outspread wings, clothed in an



P. H. Evans.

HAMMER-BEAM ROOF TO NAVE.

Copyright.

work surmounts the lower frieze of the roof, and in continuation crowns each hammer-beam, the ornament of which is a graceful treatment of alternate fleurs-de-lis and shield. This has fallen in part to decay, the march of time and the consequent warping of wood dealing less kindly with the more delicate carving and structure, hence the delicate and ornate spandrels of flowing tracery in the hammer-beams have alike suffered.

In early days the seasoning of timber was paid little attention

to, and much was carved and jointed when the wood, to use a technical phrase, was green. The warping of oak under favourable circumstances is uncertain enough, but under the conditions of the building of our forefathers it generally went its own way without hindrance. One of the striking features in Cawston roof are the angels at the end of each hammer-beam with outspread wings, clothed in an

armour of their feathers, and belted as knights were belted at this period about the thighs, their hands raised in adoration or joined in prayer; they have still the remains of colour, the hair and feathers white, and the faces tinted. The hair on each is carved full and wavy, as if lifted by the wind; the execution of the figures is quaint, but quaint as they are they embody an idea, nor are they intended any more than bodies celestial for close inspection. In height these angels roughly measure 3ft. or



F. H. Evans.

LOWER PORTION OF ROOD-SCREEN.

Copyright.

3ft. 6in.; there are smaller angels on the frieze occupying each bay of the roof holding shields. The entire structure, seen in its venerable age, looks stately and solemn; the ranks of adoring angels and the rich tracery and ornate bosses and crestwork make a beautiful object that claims attention above all else on entering the lofty church, added to which the passing of centuries has toned the oak to the colour of a soft silvery grey which enhances its effect; the irregularities of its lines likewise would give relief from the hard regular lines in the erection of wood and stone in our time, if it were not for the piteous state of the whole structure, which is in a serious condition. The hammer-beam, when in repair, is not only ornate, but is likewise a fine piece of mechanism for distributing the great thrust of such a load of timber against the comparatively slight walls of a clerestory; but the wooden pins that hold a great part of the fabric are the first to decay, causing the beam to sag, and thereby act as a serious drag on what in good repair it supports so dexterously. This is the condition of many a fine roof in Norfolk which has ridden on lofty walls in safety for five centuries and more. The scantling of such roofs looks no great matter from the floor of the nave; nevertheless, one of the principals of the roof of Cawston alone, if new, would require the strength of seven men to lift. Decay has already caused two of the angels to quit their post at the hammer-beam and take a flight into the nave. Providentially their descent did not take place on a Sunday; thus the faithful were mercifully spared the perturbation incidental to an angel in their midst.

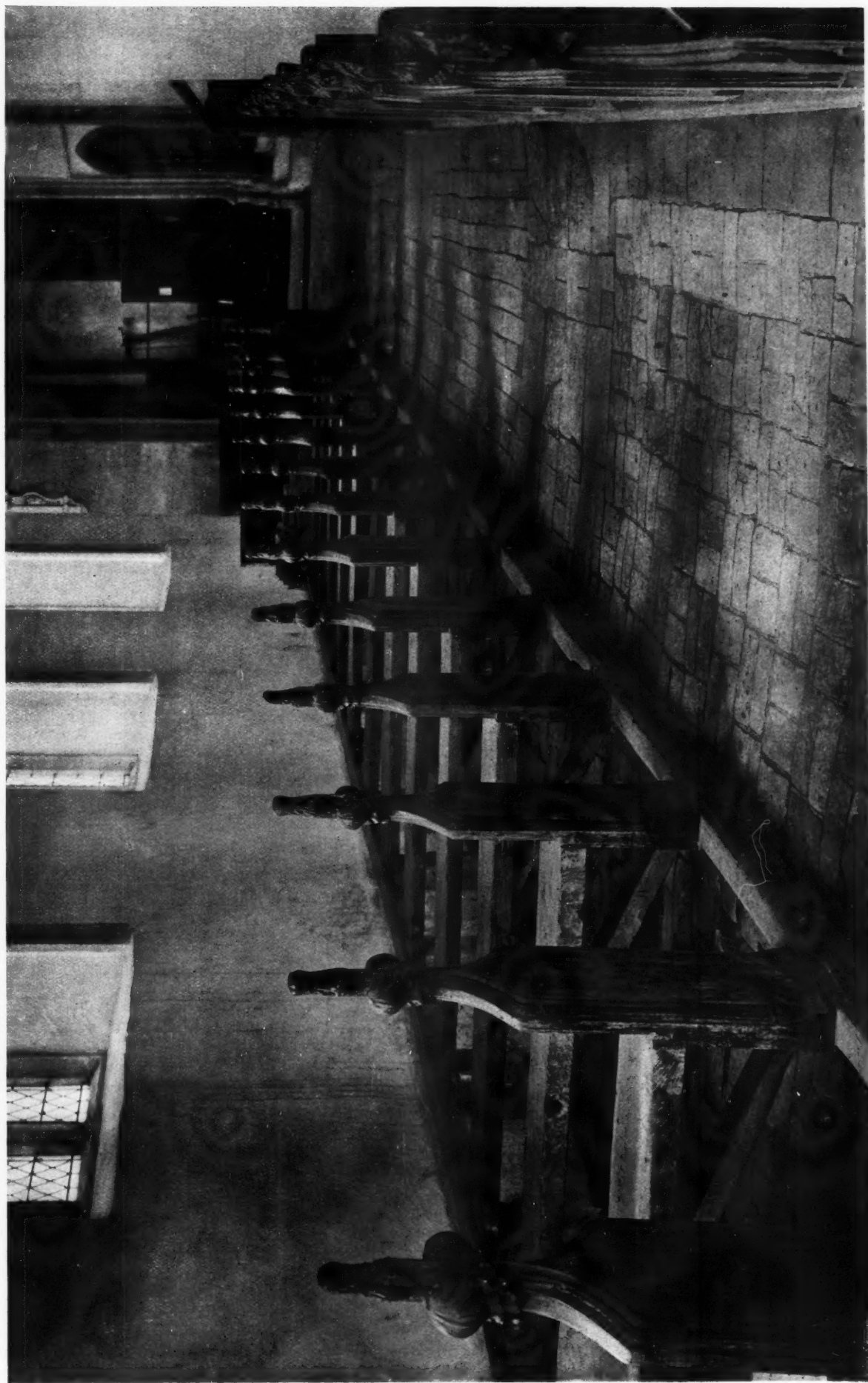


F. H. Evans. PANELS OF ROOD-SCREEN.

Copyright.

The rood-screen of Cawston Church is for the most part in far better preservation than many that have survived into our own period. It forms an entrance to a chancel 52ft. long by 48ft. broad. The figures of saints and apostles painted on the panels are pretty clearly defined and bright in colour. The doors remain intact, having, as is usual, the four Fathers of the Church portrayed thereon—St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, and St. Augustine. The panels shown in the illustration are those of the northern half, eight in number, representing St. Agnes, to whom the church is dedicated, St. Helena, St. Thomas with the spear, St. John the Divine, with the cup and dragon emerging, St. James the major, St. Andrew, St. Paul, and St. Peter. The screen has a good deal of delicate gilded gesso work left upon it, and much remains of its ornamentation and colour. Strangely enough, the figure of Our Lady, once upon its rood-beam, has been preserved by some miracle, or little short of it, considering that Norfolk was the stronghold of Puritanism in the day when the order went forth for the destruction of the roods; but some person, less prejudiced than his fellows, placed the figure on one of the hammer-beams on high, where an angel gave her place, and where it is to be seen to this day in good preservation. Cawston screen must have been, with all its delicate work and colour, as beautiful a specimen as the majority of the first class in the county, with the exception of Ranworth, in the Broad district, which indeed is unique in artistic design and drawing.





Copyright.

BENCHES IN NORTH NAVE AISLE.

F. H. Evans.

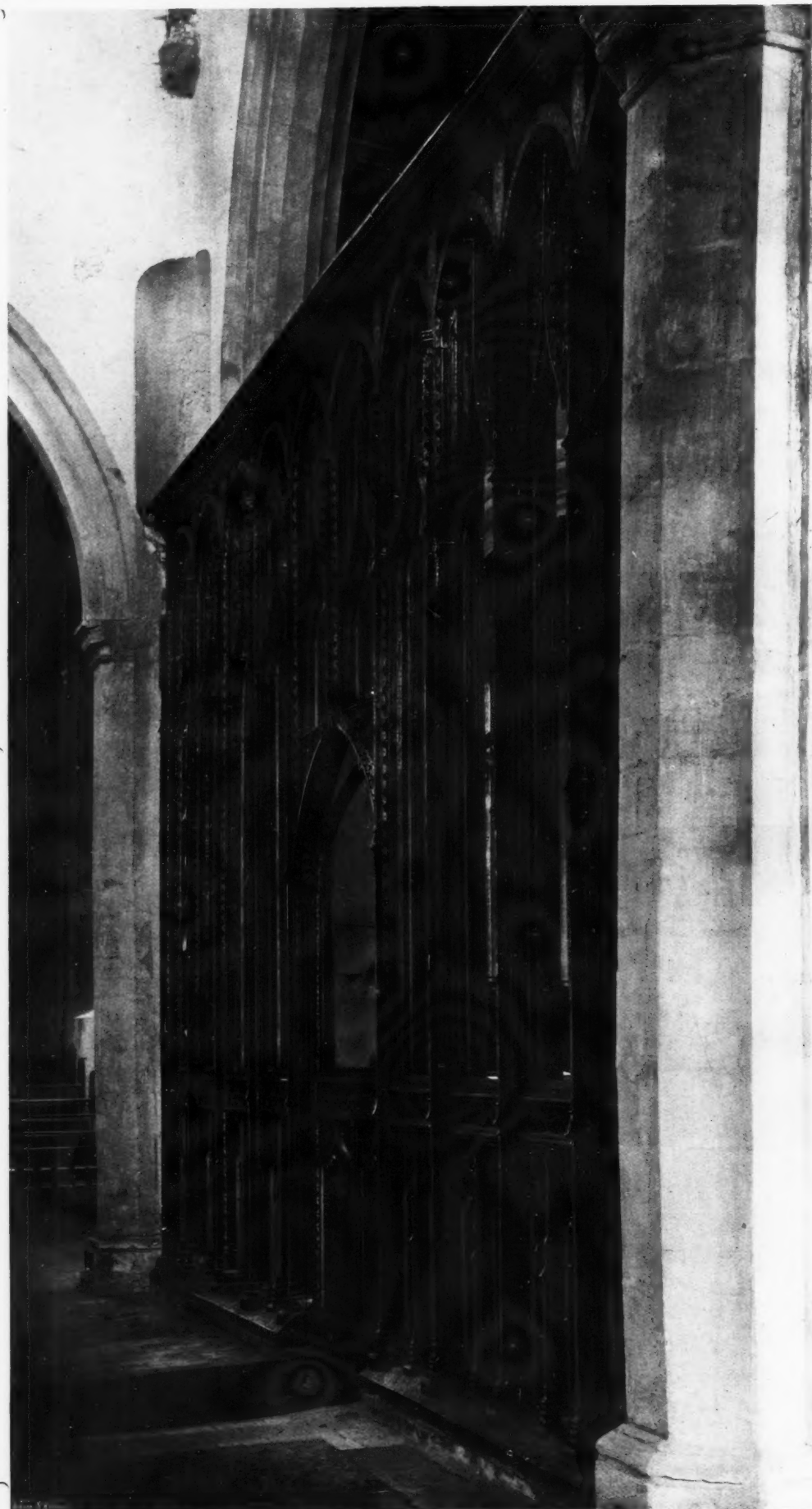
There appears little doubt that the figures painted on many of the Norfolk rood-screens were of native workmanship. In sundry instances the physiognomy of many of the figures suggests English models, when allowances are made for the traditional treatment of beard or hair usual in the Latin Church for the representation of well-known saints; and to this day in Norfolk

an almost archaic type is still to be found among the elders of remote villages which might serve as models for the panels of the screens of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. The erection of these screens, and certainly their embellishments, appear rarely to have been the votive offering of only one individual. In 1460, John Barker of Cawston gave ten marks towards the building of the rood-loft, commonly called the "candle beam." Again, in 1504, Richard Broune of Cawston gave four marks to paint a pane of the rood-loft to "Our Lady's Guild." On the doors of the screen is "Prey for the Sowles of William Athereth and Alice his Wyff the weche dede these iiiii panys Peynte be the Executoris lyff."

In pre-Reformation times there were six guilds in the church, besides various votive lights maintained by the faithful, amongst which was the "Plough light." It was also the custom to bless the plough annually, when it was placed under the tower gallery.

The door in the illustration shows the beginning of the turret stairs that lead to the ringing-loft, its hood mould being terminated by the heads of a bishop on one side and a crowned king on the other, which is probably intended for Henry IV., the crown being identical with that on his tomb in Canterbury; the same head is repeated on a boss in the roof. The greater part of Cawston Church is seated with benches with newels terminated by poppy-heads; those shown in the illustration belong to a side aisle, and their date is approximately fixed by a record stating that John Barker of Cawston gave ten marks towards their erection in 1460. At this period they were very common in Norfolk churches, and where the restorer or destroyer has not removed them they are still to be found in fair numbers. Their delicately-carved leaves of clinging vine or oak, often intermingled with the fruit of either, have a singularly beautiful effect in the oak that has almost become the colour of the original ancient trees that once flourished in the Norfolk forests of the past. They are, moreover, carved with an artistic skill that renders their clinging leaves crisp with growth, and are a befitting memorial to the cunning hands, long mouldered to dust, that carved them in that far-away 1460.

There are not wanting evidences that the burghers of the town of Cawston contributed their mite towards the beautifying of the church, in common with the more costly gifts of opulent families. The industry of the town was in the woollen trade, and Cawston flannels are mentioned as far back as 1381, besides other merchandise which would suggest a prosperous population. In the stained glass of the church were once displayed many an old and distinguished coat, which testified to the donations in one form or



F. H. Evans.

ROOD-SCREEN FROM SOUTH.

Copyright.



another of several well-known families.

Over the western exterior door of the tower there are carved in stone, among some other coats of arms, those of Michael de la Pole, who built the church, impaled with Catherine his wife, likewise the arms of Miles, his fifth son, and Alexander, his youngest. By the side of these are the arms of William Lord Morley, who married the eldest daughter of Michael de la Pole, also those of his grandson John Duke of Suffolk, who married the sister of Edward IV., all of whom were benefactors to the church of Cawston.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE EXHIBITIONS.

THE year now drawing rapidly to a close has been an eventful one in the world of flowers. Many exhibitions of various things have been held, and for the most part well attended, especially those in the new hall of the Royal Horticultural Society, in which special committees meet to judge new and rare plants, fruits, and vegetables once a fortnight. It is, of course, the hybridist who stands out most prominently, although a special word of praise must be given to the firm of Messrs. James Veitch and Sons, who, through their traveller, Mr. E. H. Wilson, have flooded our gardens with shrubs which, we have no hesitation in saying, will, in the near future, find a place in all good gardens. The remarkable series of Vines, the rich yellow *Meconopsis integrifolia*, Buddleias, Rubi, and many other families are represented by these invaluable introductions from China. But it is the hybridist who is most consistently represented, and the rosarian has been much in evidence. We have several novelties to record, such as Paul and Son's delightful crimson flower The Dandy, William Paul's E. T. Cook, Hugh Dickson's J. B. Clarke, and several others, while the new Carnations from Mr. Douglas were a revelation. Orchids, Chrysanthemums, Dahlias, Pansies, and fruits and vegetables have all increased in numbers and in beauty. No race are more zealous in their efforts to extend the list of new varieties and create distinct traits than the British, who excel also in the cultivation of plants. This is no idle boast. Exhibitions in France may have greater artistic beauty, but as to actual "quality," as the gardener says, there can be no two opinions. Without the labours of the hybridist our gardens would possess little interest. The ever-flowing stream of beautiful new flowers or profitable and wholesome fruits and vegetables lends zest to the health-giving pursuit of horticulture, and we care not how wide and strong the stream if there are committees to judge the novelties before they are presented to the public.

### SWEET PEAS OF 1905.

A very interesting and important article to growers of Sweet Peas was given recently in the *Garden*, the writer having achieved unusual success during the year with this, the most fashionable of all annual flowers. A coloured plate of the variety Evelyn Byatt accompanied the remarks of Mr. Malcolm of Duns. The two Sweet Peas which attracted our attention most this year were the one referred to and Henry Eckford, and we may well give the great Scotch grower's remarks: "Evelyn Byatt is a very brilliant sort. I saw it at the National Sweet Pea Show, and it seemed all aglow, just like



F. H. Evans.

CAWSTON: STAIRS TO WEST SCREEN.

Copyright.

balls of fire. It may be described as 'gorgeous gorgeous.' It well deserved the certificate of merit, and should be in every collection. It is not a large-flowered variety, but size is more than compensated for by its brilliance. It has a rich orange salmon standard, with falls or wings rather deeper in colour, giving a fiery orange or sunset tint to the whole flower. This variety is perfectly fixed in character. It was introduced by Messrs. Watkins and Simpson, 12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London. Henry Eckford is a most distinct novelty, not only in colour, which is a lovely orange salmon, with a thin line of carmine down the centre of the standard, but the latter is of a beautiful rounded form. Mr. Eckford is sending it out next year." The other varieties recommended are Helen Pierce, purplish; Queen Alexandra, scarlet; Mr. Charles Foster, grey-mauve; Helen Lewis,

orange; John Ingman, rose; Nora Unwin, white; May Malcolm, rich pink; Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes, soft light pink; and the Hon. C. R. Spencer, scarlet and fringed.

#### CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

The Christmas season is approaching, and a few flowers sent to the writer are a reminder of the close of the year. The most appropriate is

*The Christmas Rose* (*Helleborus niger*), which is shyly opening its pearly flowers, almost hidden as yet beneath the canopy of leaves; but Christmas Rose is a term of wide application. The species has many varieties, and the flowers before us are those of *altifolius*, or *maximus* as it is also called. The buds are large and rose tinted, and open out quite white, except for a suffusion of colouring on the outer surface. It is a lovely flower, and easily brought on under glass with gentle warmth. An easy way is to lift the crowns with plenty of soil, and put them into baskets. Transfer them to a warm house or pit, and the stems will soon lengthen, and the flowers open unsullied by the rains and storms of winter.

*Iris stylosa*.—Against a warm sunny wall the fragile flowers of the white Iris, or *I. stylosa*, are sending their sweet fragrance into the cold air. This is a plant for almost all gardens if the right spot is chosen. It must have a well-drained soil and abundance of sun. The leaves are narrow and abundant, and the flowers peep up above them in rich profusion. It is wise to gather the buds when on the point of expansion, and then they will open freely in water. There are several varieties, major having larger flowers than the type, and *alba* is white, as the name suggests.

*Winter Heliotrope* (*Tussilago fragrans*).—We were passing a very rough corner of the garden a few days ago, and stopped to inhale the fragrance of the Winter Heliotrope, which is allowed to run riot in this desolate spot. The Tussilago is a rampant weed, and not very beautiful in the summer-time, but the soft lilac flowers atone for this in winter. It is just the plant for a rough corner in half shade.

*The Wych Hazel*.—The Wych Hazels, or Hamam'lis, contribute to the shrubbery practically the only winter-flowering trees or shrubs, and of this quaint family the most beautiful is *H. arborea*, which came from Japan in the year 1862. It is necessary to plant the tree in a sheltered corner, not from any tenderness of growth, but as a protection to the daring flowers, which make the leafless stems golden with colour. They are fringed, seem like little stars on the bronze shoots, and shine in the dull light of a winter day. *H. arborea* is the jewel of its race, and well deserves a place in all good gardens.

*A Monthly Rose*.—A monthly Rose is flowering shyly in a far corner where some luxuriant Lavender bushes act as a gentle screen from the keen winds which blow across the garden. Its clear, beautiful pink colouring is purer and fresher when it is seen with the grey of Rosemary and Lavender and the whiteness of Santolina. It depends upon the season whether there are few or many flowers, but the delicate petals of the Rose may generally be seen fluttering in the cold winds of December. The well-known hybrid Chinas, Mme. Laurette Messimy and Mme. Eugene Resal, also flower in winter, and retain their foliage as well as many a so-called evergreen.

## REFLECTIONS ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

[BY AN ONLOOKER.]

I SUPPOSE that to-day it is something of a distinction not to take photographs; but, wandering round the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, whence we obtained the illustrations here shown, certain ideas came into my head which may possibly not be without interest at the moment. Although no expert, it devolves upon me in a certain capacity to examine a vast number of photographs in the course of the year, and I have often wondered how far those who make a hobby of this delightful art are open to suggestions. The walls of the exhibition are hung profusely with what, by a misuse of terms, are called art photographs. The phrase is used to describe a transcription of scenes from Nature; in other words, the so-called art photographer attempts the same task as the landscape painter. That he does not attempt it without achieving many brilliant successes the walls of the recent exhibitions and these very pages abundantly testify. I have very little sympathy indeed with the old-fashioned complaint, which has become a sort of cliché, that photography is more or less



R. B. Loige.

LITTLE GREBE.

Copyright.

mechanical work, and therefore inferior to the art of the painter. No one who, with an unbiassed mind, compared the pictures annually exhibited at Burlington House with those hung at the rooms of the Royal Photographic Society would for one moment agree with the painter's assumption of superiority. The first step towards producing a picture, whether it be by means of the brush or the camera, is to see it either literally or imaginatively. The painter who sets up his easel before some natural vista, and simply goes on splashing paint upon the canvas without having formed any clear idea of what he wants to reproduce, is no more worthy of the name of artist than is the photographer who simply sticks up his camera over against an object, touches a button, and says in effect to his employer, "You asked me to take a photograph of this, and lo! it is done." The painter and the photographer equally, if they are gifted with the artistic eye, will, before setting to work, stop and consider where the value of the picture lies and what they are going to do. The realisation of this is half the battle,



F. Martin-Duncan.

NIGHT HERON IN THE MARSHES.

Copyright.



and the achievement of the picture, which has hitherto only existed in fancy, may then be attempted either with the brush or the camera. Further than that it would not be wise to go at present; that is to say, it would take us too far afield to discuss the relative merits of colour and black and white as the means of gaining the more artistic effect. In that discussion it would

of all arguments, that of actual accomplishment, that the camera may be effectively used even by the most fastidious of artists. But my object to-day was not so much to vindicate the claim of the photographer to his place as an artist as to point to ground which has not yet been adequately covered. This, in a phrase, might be characterised as the



W. Thomas.

## ON SILVERY PINIONS.

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not be possible to take the side of the photographer so strongly; but the fact does not alter our contention that the essential preliminary to the production of a fine picture lies in the sight and conception of it. To argue otherwise is only to repeat the parrot cries that used to be heard more commonly ten or fifteen years ago than they are to-day. During the interval photographers have established the truth by the most irrefragable

photography of wild life and natural history. It is one of the most beautiful and attractive of all callings, but it does not receive half the attention it deserves from the Royal Photographic Society. Here the photographer has work of incontestable merit to perform. Latterly, that is to say, within the last two decades, illustrated books on natural history have been multiplied to an extraordinary degree, and it is safe to say that as yet the

majority of the pictures are reproduced from sketches. These sketches are very often too ridiculous for words to express. The artists, except in one or two honourable cases, such, for example, as the pictures of Mr. Thorburn, have not really gone to Nature for their material, but have substituted for this, the only right course, certain ingenious but not over-creditable devices. I am not here desirous of attacking any book or any artist, so that it is somewhat difficult to give examples that may not be recognised; yet my idea is to establish a principle, and those to whom it appeals can easily verify for themselves the value of the criticism offered. Before me at the time of writing are two books of considerable pretension, dealing, among other things, with the wiles of that treacherous little animal, the stoat. It is said in the books and by students of natural history that this animal, like the fox, is capable of playing many diverting tricks for the purpose of allaying the fear and rousing the curiosity of the animals on which it preys. The artists have set themselves to illustrate this trait in natural history, and, though they happen to be men of widely different standing, they produce in this case almost exactly the same result, namely, a stoat on its hind legs, cutting a figure not unlike that given to Puss-in-Boots in children's fairy books, while a circle of eager-hearted and intelligent rabbits stand round watching the performance like an audience at a fair. No one ever saw such a scene in actual life, and in faithful delineation of what these artists have blundered over the enterprising photographer has an unrivalled opportunity of scoring. We who have actually seen the stoat in the performance of its guiles know very well the extraordinary extent to which artists have exaggerated, but only the instantaneous photographer could demonstrate the fact. This is but one of the many uncountable

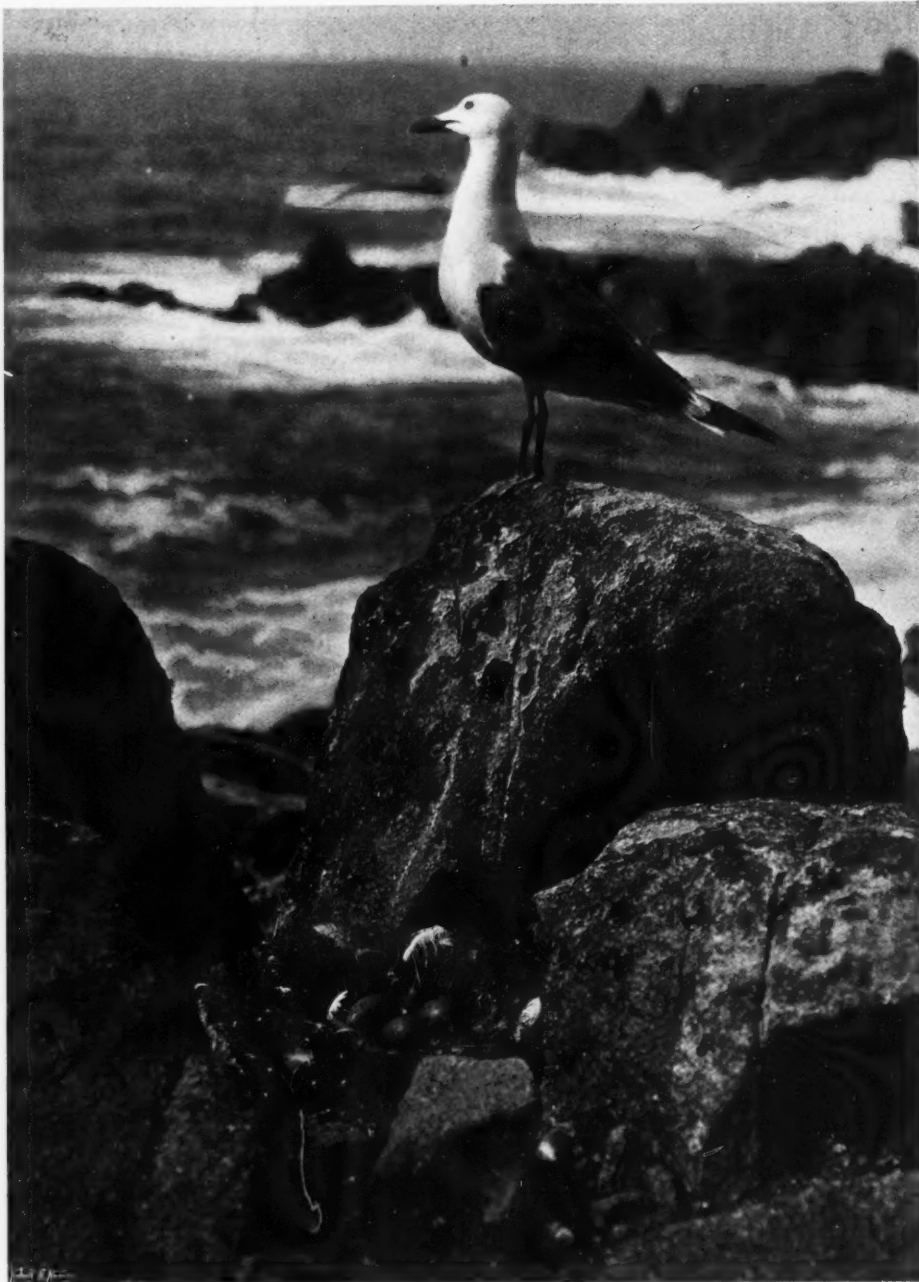
scenes that are transacted in the green meadow and quiet woodland, and whose transcription would charm and delight all those who take an interest in natural history, and appeal to the artistic instinct as well. I should like to offer another example that ought to appeal to the illustrators of such books. This is the picture of the common English fox as it has been presented to one generation after another. Now it would be rash to say that the artists were ignorant of the animal they sought to depict. Some, at least, have been sportsmen and students of natural history, but even in that case they have only had a passing and momentary glimpse of Reynard. When asked to draw him, it is obvious to anyone who has examined these pictures that they have pursued one of two courses—either they have drawn from a stuffed specimen, or have sought a live fox at some menagerie. The more conscientious of them no doubt followed the latter

course, but it only led them into error. Not once in twenty times is the menagerie fox an English one, but a foreigner, and the pictures, therefore, almost invariably show a bigger and coarser animal than our native animal really is. Photographers in the study of natural history, and particularly in the presentation of bird and beast, fish, reptile, and insect, in their wild life and amid their natural surroundings, have an unlimited field before them. I say this in full knowledge of what has been accomplished by men who have given us such fine pictures as those of Mr. Charles Reid and Mr. Metcalfe, the brothers Kearton, and many who have contributed to these columns work equally good. In spite of all that the field is not yet fully occupied. One is by no means inclined to blink at the conditions necessary to success. There

is no calling that makes a greater demand upon time and patience and trouble. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field do not regulate their movements by the clock. The most interesting of them are shy, retiring, and uncertain in their habits. He, therefore, who would photograph them at home must devote days and nights to the search, must summon all his skill and ingenuity, and, moreover, must be prepared at the outset, at all events, to find in the undertaking itself his best and richest reward. In the end he is sure to have a long record of unrewarded vigil and wasted plates; but, at the same time, here, too, success is ultimately sure of recognition. The work, of course, is far more suitable to the amateur photographer than to him who is obliged to earn a livelihood from what to the other is only a pleasant hobby. But it struck me in looking over the pictures at the exhibition lately held at the New Gallery in Regent Street, that many of those who do these scenes from Nature so well must be ani-

mated by a genuine love for outdoor life and all that it means, while their patience seems to be inexhaustible. If they were to divert these qualities from the taking of landscape to the study of natural history subjects they would probably find the new branch of photography even more enthralling than the old, and they ought to be encouraged by knowing that already the instantaneous photographer has achieved some extraordinary effects in the world of art. Since he came on the scene the slovenly, inaccurate pictures which passed muster so easily a generation ago would now be laughed to scorn.

So occasional and varied are some of the incidents to be noted in the world of Nature, that one man cannot hope, however much his days may have been spent in photographic pursuit of birds, beasts, and fishes, that he will be fortunate enough, in



P. J. Martin.

LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULL.

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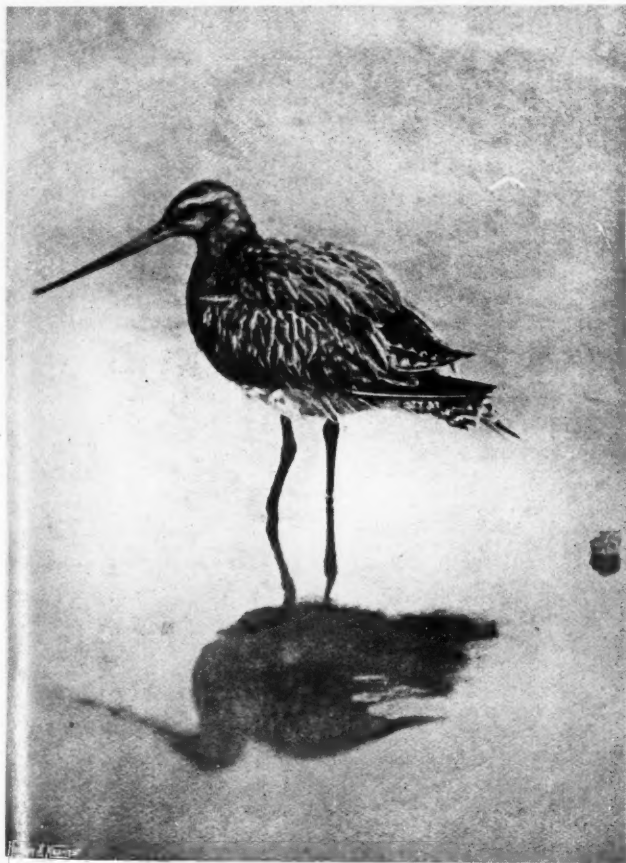




F. J. Martin. YOUNG CORMORANTS.

Copyright.

the short span that is his, to witness a tithe of the strange and interesting doings which he knows are going on around him daily among the wild animals of our country; but what one cannot expect to achieve, numbers may, as time goes on, reasonably aim at, and, each contributing his mite of accurate representation of facts as he saw them, build up an edifice of pictorial natural history, which, in the very nature of it, shall disarm criticism and defy disbelief. Who knows but that in years to come we may return to the ways of long-vanished ancestors and record and hand down in pictures rather than in print the history of our progress in all branches of natural scientific knowledge.



E. B. Lodge. BAR-TAILED GODWIT.

Copyright.

It is assuredly not too much to say that, at no distant day, books on such subjects lacking photographic illustration will run a very good chance of lacking readers too.

## THE AGRICULTURAL . OUTLOOK.

AS usual, the "Agricultural Handbook and Diary for 1906," edited by Mr. C. Adeane and Mr. Richardson Carr, contains many well-informed and interesting articles. We may particularly mention one on "Our Only Monopoly," by Mr. R. Stratton. It need scarcely be added that the article referred to is milk. Mr. Stratton says: "Milk production has for many years been the only really satisfactory department of farming in the United Kingdom"; and whereas those engaged in the cultivation of cereals have had very hard times indeed, the dairy farmer has been fairly prosperous. One of the questions that he raises for the future is whether we have yet got the best cow for the purpose. He says, quite truly, that there are some dairies which return 800gal. of milk per annum, while in others the average falls to 600gal. He is of the opinion



F. J. Martin.

STORM-PETREL.

Copyright.

that improvements can only be made by careful selection, rearing, and breeding, and criticises the ordinary custom of buying cows in the market. Of these animals nothing possibly can be known, and, even if they are calves of good milkers, it is more than probable that in their ancestry were many animals very deficient from the dairy farmer's point of view. He seems to think that breed is of very little consequence where careful attention is paid to the three points given, and in proof of his contention directs attention to the Hereford herd of Mr. White of Zeals, Wilts. Herefords are not generally considered dairy cattle, "yet this herd of pedigree cattle, having been carefully bred for three-quarters of a century specially for dairy purposes, fully holds its own against the best dairies of an essentially dairy district, and has done ever since its establishment." Mr. Stratton thinks that points like these should receive the attention of our agricultural societies. They pay very little attention to the dairy qualities of certain breeds, as if they assumed that an animal which is generally bred for the purpose of the butcher cannot possibly have any considerable milking properties. Milking trials and butter tests are for the most part confined to two breeds, the Jersey and the Shorthorn, and crosses from them, but there is no reason on earth why this should continue. In support of

his contention that the breeding of dairy cows is more profitable than the production of butchers' cattle, Mr. Stratton goes on to say: "It has been calculated that the same amount of food that goes to produce 1lb. of beef will produce three to four gallons of milk; as the gallon of milk is on the average worth more than the lb. of beef, there can be no comparison between the economic results from the two systems, for though the labour in connection with milk production is, of course, greater than in beef producing, the margin of difference is so great as to leave no possible doubt as to which system is the more profitable. The breeding of the perfect dairy cow is the first point in a more economical system of dairy farming, but, however carefully bred, unless the calf is reared with a view to milk production, the former will be labour in vain, the first essential condition being that the calf shall be kept on new milk for quite a limited time; in short, that she shall be reared somewhat ungenerously, and kept in a lean condition until near calving, and that she should calve young, soon after two years of age. The mode of rearing it is not necessary to describe; everyone who understands cattle knows how this should be done. Suffice it to say that a calf meal composed of ground linseed and some cooked grain (oats or maize) in equal quantities, will be found equal, if not superior, to the costly 'Calf Meals.'" He points out that one of the great obstacles to the development of dairy cattle has been the difficulty of finding milkers. Women cannot do this work because there is too much of a strain on their wrists, and young men do not like it because it involves their giving up their usual Sunday holiday. Mr. Stratton says that cheese and butter making may be extended profitably, and that these would offer a fair margin of profit. In his last paragraph he throws out a pregnant hint, the substance of which has often been touched upon in these columns, viz., that arable farm for milk ought to be as good as pastoral farm. He says: "It is by no means certain that milk cannot be produced as economically on arable land as on pasture. Lucerne grows well on many soils, and produces a great weight of good food, far more than the average grass land, and there is no better food for milk producing, this, with cabbage, mangels, and oat straw for autumn and winter feeding, together with cotton cake or other feeding stuffs, cannot be surpassed for milk production; moreover, the extra labour required can be more profitably utilised on arable than on grass farms; it is therefore quite possible that dairy farming may be satisfactorily extended in this direction." Another article to which we would direct attention is that on "Twenty Years of British Farming" by that well-known agriculturist, Mr. R. E. Prothero, which is an able review of the position in which agriculture now stands. Incidentally he points out how welcome legislation would be which would diminish local taxation and railway rates.

## A MOORLAND CHRISTMAS EVE.

OUT on the moors you would scarce believe it Christmas-time; for indeed it is no landscape such as delights the maker of Christmas-cards—no scene of frost and snow, of white roofs and laden trees, of silent pools locked in ice. Skates will seem but mocking gifts this year. But the open weather is, after all, quite seasonable. One really remembers not very many of the traditional white Christmas Eves, and it is a question whence the tradition itself has come, if not from Germany, with the stockings for Santa



F. C. Newmarch.

POLLARDS.

Copyright



Claus and the illuminated tree. To-day there is a grey haze over the far hills; not that dense veil of driving mist which alone of all Nature's moods can make a hill country depressing, but a mere softening of hues and outlines, a mellowing of distances into a mysterious remoteness. The air is sharp, pungent, verging on frost, and in places the moisture in the ruts sounds crisp under the heel, where last night's "cat ice" has not yet quite vanished. It is very still; so mild withal that one could fancy the time late October, for the few trees around have been bare of leaves ever since a rollicking westerly gale from the sea gathered up their brown autumn garland at a swoop, and flung it broadcast to the moor. On the calm air sounds travel clearly—a dog barking at some distant farm, a childish voice uplifted in an old-fashioned carol, the insistent, weird call of a peewit across the bare fields. Grey and brown is the colour of the earth and sky—brown bent fields, brown heather slopes whence the purple has long faded; grey juts of stone and scarped quarries, grey farms, grey distant ridges, grey over-arching sky. There is a robin perched on the stone wall, singing away riotously—the very bird of Christmas in his gaiety, his cheeriness amid leafless boughs and barren fields; more, in his intimate and ancient part in the folklore of Christmas-tide. And no doubt the robin is glad enough of a fair Christmas-time, that he may sleep warm and fare sumptuously, like the rest.

It is curious how many country-folk cling to the proverbial belief that "a green Christmas makes a fat kirk-yard." They will shake their heads, these moorland folk, and opine sagely that "it's noan so seasonable," and that, although the wintry weather they hanker for would probably fill the lane to their weather-worn, square-set farmsteads with drifted snow, and keep the children from school, the men from their work, and the milk-float from its daily journeys until the snow-plough, which one may see in the farmyard, had been brought into requisition. Certainly there is nothing unwholesome about the clean, sharp air of this winter's day, with that subtle, unmistakable tang of the seaside in it which sometimes finds its way from the Irish Sea to these westward-looking uplands. It makes the blood run swift, the limbs long for activity; sets the day to a marching tune along the open road. The wide old highway breasts the hills gallantly. Far across the dales and the ridges you may see it lying like a ribbon, dipping down here and there to some busy little grimy town in the hollow, climbing the slopes again by straggling stone hamlet and lonely moorland hostel. Here, close at hand, is one of these latter—an old coaching-house, now fallen from its high estate, its range of stabling relegated to cows and poultry, its yard untidy and neglected, its spacious rooms, in these desolate winter days, but seldom filled with noise and light. They have stuck holly up here and there, and wound tawdry coloured paper about candlesticks and picture-cords. There is to be a "draw" to-night for sundry seasonable objects—a goose, a bottle of whisky, a box of cigars; these latter a rank variety, which the winner will doubtless smoke with the unction derived from a feeling of opulence, much preferring, in his secret soul, his pipe and thick twist.



W. R. Barron.

## CHILL DECEMBER.

Copyright.

This house must have plenty of Christmas memories, from the time when the coaches used to come tearing in, loaded inside and out with passengers and luggage; when farmers' lads and lasses, home from the wide world, went well-nigh mad with joy to hear familiar Northern speech; when light-hearted guests, on their way to neighbouring country houses for a hearty Lancashire Christmas-tide, did not disdain to snatch an hour's fun among the homely moorfolk.

And of course this road has its tragedy. There is a ghost—a ghost of a wrongfully-convicted man—which wanders about every Christmas Eve, looking for someone whom he may convince of his innocence. But the people are all indoors, warm by their own fires, deep in song and story in sanded alehouse kitchens; and the poor ghost has to be blown about the cold road till Christmas morning dawns. And now there comes a brief return of the good old days to the lonely inn. Over the hill come a couple of scarlet-coated men and a throng of "white and black and tan," with the sharp cracking of whips and the occasional deep note of a hound—the same old hunt that has had its kennels not far from here for four centuries, and still holds its own, although the smoke of four towns blows across the fields from afar. These are the true old-fashioned English harriers, such as are now not often to be seen. Their lineage goes back unbroken for a hundred years. There are not

many yet at the meet; in this unfashionable region there is no crowd of vehicles and cyclists, and the field does not muster

above a score. But such as do come are genuine sportsmen, down to the last and wheeziest of the rustic pedestrians who burst through hedges and scramble over gates at the heel of the hunt. Off we go across the fields, the silence of the landscape now broken by the music of the pack, the brown and grey world now turned, as if by a skilful painter's hand, into the setting for this varicoloured stir of activity introduced into the wide, peaceful, passive scene. And you will not do ill to let your solitary thoughts fly away, with the scared silences, and your mind, which may, perhaps, have taken on something of the prevailing brown and grey, take a brighter tinge from the cheery sights and sounds about you. The merry music wakes the echoes along the quarries, where all day long the stillness is only broken by the sound of many waters tinkling down from crevice to crevice, from ledge to ledge—waters clear as glass and cold as ice. It scatters a flock of sparrows which has made the bare trees as if laden with russet fruit. It sets the lonely moors a-ringing from hill to distant hill.

So the swift, short afternoon goes by; and how does time pass more fleetly than in roaming the country-side in pleasure strenuous as toil! So we go by solitary cloughs full of the noise of streams, by stunted, wind-swept plantations slantwise against the sky, silent pools, where the last leaf flutters down to the waters, mirroring the pale gold of a sky now faintly touched with a hidden sunset. In the swift-coming winter dusk, when

lights are beginning to flash out here and there in the hamlets, and the wind murmurs its evening song through the pollard

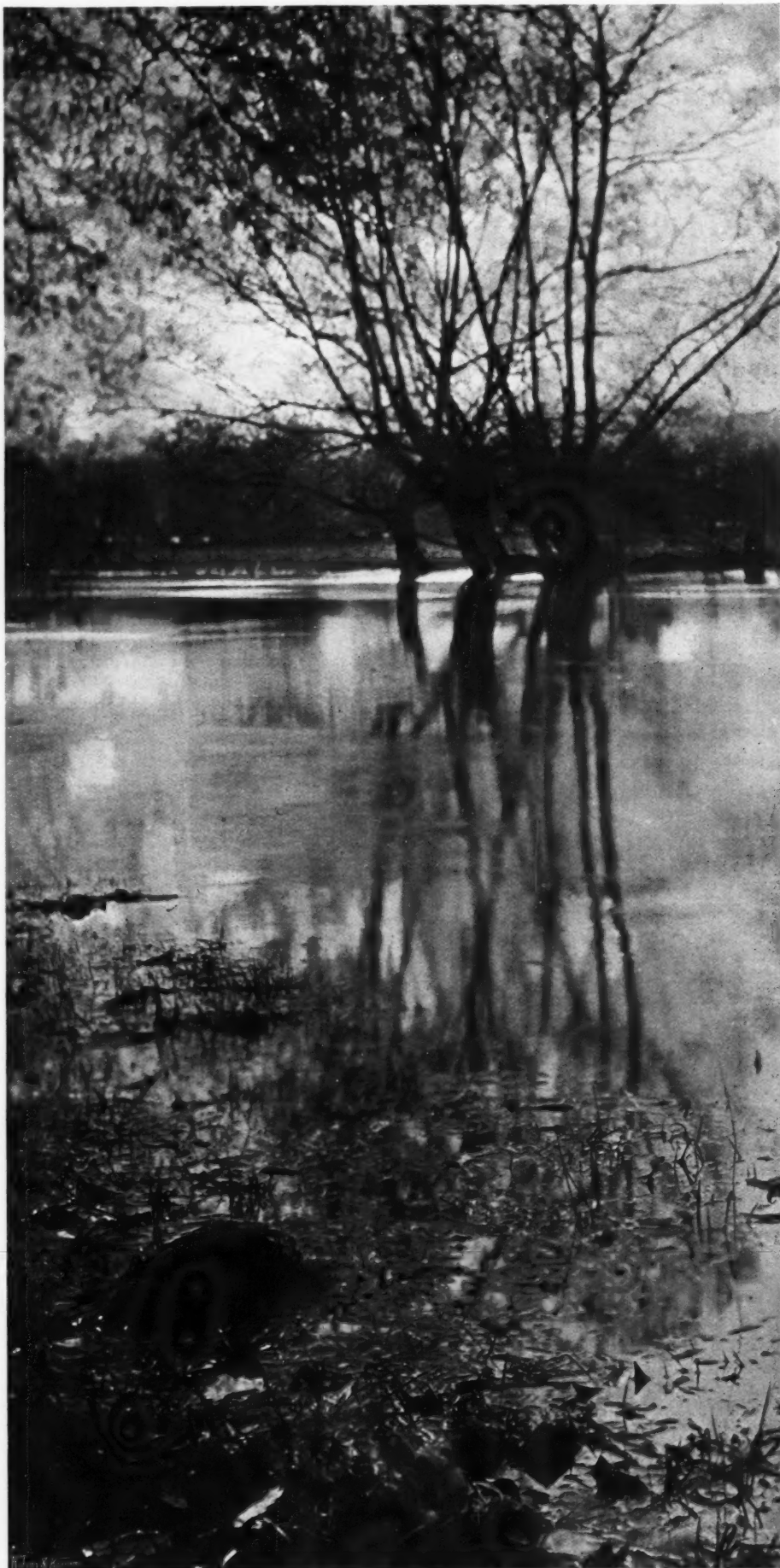
willows, grotesque against the magical twilight west, the valedictory note of the horn and the dropping fire of "Good-nights" chime in somehow with the strange, subtle charm of the hour—a note of parting, and yet not of sadness.

The village school is all lighted up as we pass by in the dusk, and within—O shade of ancient Christmas!—the local brass band is striking up a very slow version of last year's favourite waltz. But the "social" is not very well attended. On these uplands of ours the conservative tendency, at all times strongly marked, shows itself most plainly at feast-tide and holy day. There is, after all, something much more picturesque about the glimpse which one may get in passing of an alehouse kitchen gay with "kemas," as they call the holly, which bedecks wall and ceiling.

Here a white-haired elder is just standing up, in the middle of the sanded floor, to go through the intricate steps of a Lancashire clog-dance, while someone plays the traditional jigging tune—probably passed down by ear, for nobody seems to know where it may be found in print or even in MS. I daresay the evening's merry-making may bring forth some snatches of Christmas song and carol, too, although on the whole our Lancashire folk are singularly deficient in ballad and legend-lore.

When twelve o'clock strikes, the band—that same band which we heard just now at the "social"—will set out on a round

of the neighbouring houses. It will play "Christians awake," and one or two other tunes, no doubt, and will go away happy



G. Aitchison.

"IN TIME OF FLOOD."

From the Hackney Photographic Exhibition.

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with some liquid refreshment. But whatever Mr. John Davidson may say in praise of "strings and brass and mellow wood," the real sweetness of Christmas music is to be found in the old-fashioned carol-singing. For the band's best friend must own that it has not the spirit of Christmas.

So home, lit by the embers of the dying day; home to good cheer and honest English merry-making, or, if you will, to quiet talk of dear, familiar things, while the wind sings round the gables its song of memories. C. FOX SMITH.

## COUNTRY VERSES.

MR. E. V. LUCAS has special qualifications for the task of making an anthology, and his new book, "The Friendly Town" (Methuen), is likely to receive a very hearty welcome. With it he has issued a new edition of "The Open Road," and we are glad to say that he has subjected the former edition to a thorough revision. Several things have disappeared from the volume which were anything but ornamental to it before. It is now a delightful book, and yet we cannot help thinking that Mr. Lucas might with advantage run his editorial eye over it once again. As it stands the book is uneven, or, to speak allegorically, it is as if we had entered a mansion which contained a very miscellaneous assortment of furniture—old pieces that delight the eye and heart, and new pieces well and truly made by modern artificers. But amongst these solid and valuable articles are many fabrics that can only be likened to the art fabrics and other ingenious contrivances by which manufacturers of modern days ape the appearance of the old. But, putting metaphor aside, let us glance a little more particularly at this collection of verse and prose, some of which would pass muster in any company. Amongst the older writers, Shakespeare, Campion, and a few others call for no criticism. Some of the moderns are more questionable. It may seem almost heretical to question the place of "R. L. S." in such an assembly; but yet there is in his verses something wanting, something that makes us feel the great difference between them and, for example, the work of Barnes, against which it is placed. This criticism would apply still more to Mr. W. B. Yeats. Look, for instance, at "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." A glance at this poem is enough to show, without further analysis, that it has not the ring of great or fine verse. "Nine bean rows will I have there" has a touch of eccentricity, while the phrase, "a hive for the honey bee," is a bad substitute for the simple word beehive, and the epithet "bee-loud glade" is neither euphonious nor particularly descriptive. "And evening full of the linnet's wings," "I hear it in the deep heart's core," are lines that would not be found in the finest poetry. In the work of Hilaire Belloc there is more of this trickery. "Tells of it," "bells of it," "ring of it," "sing of it," "choice in it," "voice in it," "ended it," "mended it," are phrases that render comment superfluous. Katharine Tynan Hinkson is another whose work we would have been inclined to leave out. Let the pieces just mentioned be compared with William Watson's "April," and the difference between fine and inferior modern work will be apparent:

"April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears!  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears,  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears!"

Here, at any rate, is your well-built piece of modern furniture. As an effective contrast it may be useful to quote a couple of verses from "A May Burden" by Francis Thompson:

"Through meadow-ways as I did tread,  
The corn grew in great lustihead,  
And hey! the beeches burgeoned.  
By Goddés fay, by Goddés fay!  
It is the month, the jolly month,  
It is the jolly month of May.  
God ripe the wines and corn, I say,  
And wench for the marriage day,  
And boys to teach love's comely play.  
By Goddés fay, by Goddés fay!  
It is the month, the jolly month,  
It is the jolly month of May."

It reminds us of a furniture-dealer in Tottenham Court Road from whom we wished to obtain a certain article. "This is not altogether old, sir," he said, "but it is entirely made of bits of old wood taken from pieces that can no longer hold together." So Mr. Francis Thompson's "A May Burden" is a clever and

ingenious imitation, good enough to deceive the ordinary reader. Mrs. Meynell is another poetess over whose work the editorial mind might well pause. It would be interesting to compare her poem, "The Lady of the Lambs," with the well-known translation of Moschus:

"Would that my father had taught me  
The craft of a keeper of sheep,  
For so in the shade of the elm trees  
Or under the rocks on the steep  
Piping on reeds I had sat  
And lulled my sorrow to sleep."

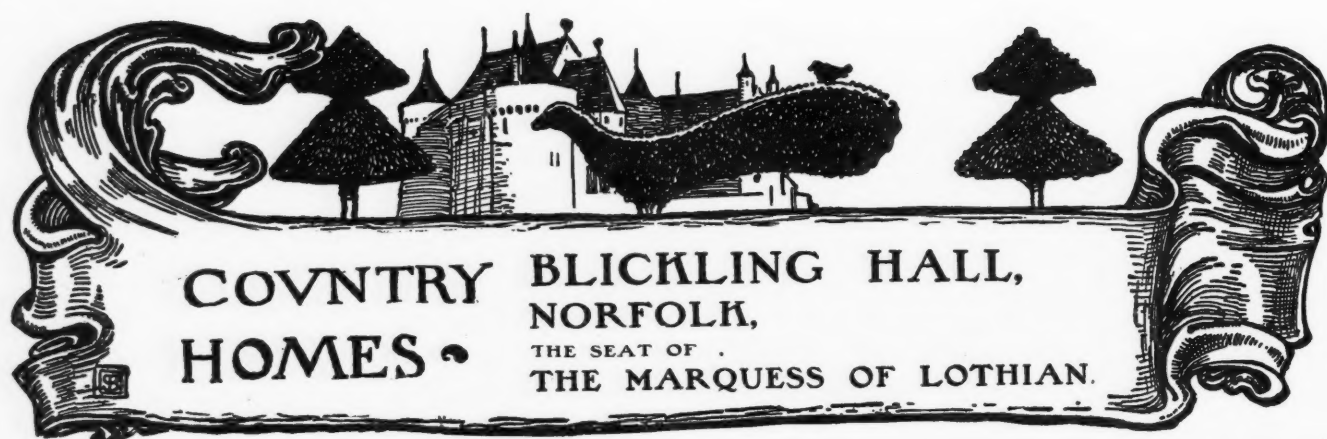
Both pieces are in a sense artificial, but how much more beautiful is the work of the older writer. Unfortunately for Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Lucas has placed a piece of her prose by the side of an extract from Richard Jefferies, and he might have done it for the purpose of contrasting a fine work with that which is "precious." Take the first few lines from her piece, "The Horizon":

"To mount a hill is to lift with you something lighter and brighter than yourself or than any meaner burden. You lift the world you raise the horizon; you give a signal for the distance to stand up. It is like the scene in the Vatican when a Cardinal, with his dramatic Italian hands, bids the kneeling groups to arise. He does more than bid them. He lifts them, he gathers them up, far and near, with the upward gesture of both arms; he takes them to their feet with the compulsion of his expressive force. Or it is as when a conductor takes his players to successive heights of music. You summon the sea, you bring the mountains, the distances unfold unlooked-for wings and take an even flight."

Her comparison of the poet mounting the hill and finding a fair scene, above which he rises, with the incident in the Vatican, is emphatically "false heraldry." It only wants to be touched with the finger for its weakness to be apparent. See how fine, natural, and simple Jefferies is in dealing with a theme almost exactly the same in "The Hill Pantheist":

"Moving up the sweet short turf, at every step my heart seemed to obtain a wider horizon of feeling; with every inhalation of rich pure air, a deeper desire. The very light of the sun was whiter and more brilliant here. By the time I had reached the summit I had entirely forgotten the petty circumstances and the annoyances of existence. I felt myself, myself. There was an intrenchment on the summit, and going down into the fosse I walked round it slowly to recover breath. On the south-western side there was a spot where the outer bank had partially slipped, leaving a gap. There the view was over a broad plain, beautiful with wheat, and enclosed by a perfect amphitheatre of green hills. Through these hills there was one narrow groove, or pass, southwards, where the white clouds seemed to close in the horizon. Woods hid the scattered hamlets and farmhouses, so that I was quite alone."

If the reader will turn to page 139, and read "Daisies" by Bliss Carman, and then turn over the leaf to "Daffodils" by Herrick, he will find once again a deft and clever "fakement" placed beside the work of a master, with an effect so grotesque as to be almost startling. It would be very easy to go through the book making notes of this kind, but our object is very far from being to condemn the work of Mr. Lucas. "The Open Road" is a most enjoyable book to look over, only it might have been very much better. Mr. Lucas has vastly improved the original volume, and all that we wish to point out is that on a subsequent occasion he might again wield the pruning-knife with great advantage. At present, what we may call the poet of the tea-party figures much too conspicuously, while the fine passages omitted would make a fatter volume than the one he has given us. One outdoor poet, perhaps the greatest of them all, is omitted altogether, or if any scrap of his verses is included, it is so slight that we have failed to notice it. We refer to Geoffrey Chaucer. In the "Romaunt of the Rose" one might have thought that Mr. Lucas would have found much to his liking; but there are scattered through the works of Chaucer many passages as beautiful as the very finest which he has chosen from other writers, and immeasurably beyond the general average of this book. It is curious, too, that he has not given us any of Theocritus, many of whose writings have been translated at least as well as those pieces of Greek referred to by Mr. Macfail. Homer, too, who may be said to have exhausted all the images which could be drawn from the outdoor world, he has omitted. Burns, who has been called the modern Theocritus, he has not represented well at all, nor is justice done to any other Scotch poet as far as we can see. The book contains no quotation whatever from any of the old ballads. In a future edition room for these could surely be made by eliminating some of the inferior modern stuff which so greatly abounds. Something might also be done in the rearrangement of the poems. If you give "The Road," why not "The Brook" also? There are many exquisite pieces describing it—in Burns, in "R. L. S.," to mention only two authors; but more than one poet has written exquisite pieces to the "brightening moon," and surely it is as much deserving of a heading to itself as "The Sun," "The Clouds," and "The Windy Hills." All these hints if carried out would mean the reconstruction of the book; but Mr. Lucas has shown that he feels the necessity for something of the kind, and while he is busy, would it not be well to "reform it altogether"?



**N**ORFOLK has many great houses of the old red-brick age, and Blickling Hall is the most stately of these. Once it was a rich county, with its companies of weavers at work in a county town where churches and inns still crowd together after a fashion which tells of prosperous old days, and with its famous ports of Lynn and Yarmouth, to which came the shipping of the easterlings. Trade came to the county from its neighbours over sea, in those low countries which first learned the secret of making a great house a place of comfort as well as of high state. So Norfolk, in its fat years, set itself to imitate the Fleming in his love for sumptuous furnishing and gallant houses, and Blickling still stands as an example of a Norfolk man's country palace.

After the conquest of England, the manor of Blickling, which had been Harold's manor, became a part of the lands of the see of Norwich, and the bishops had a house and park here, with all the rights of assize of bread and ale, free warren in the greenwood, gallows for the rogue, and drowning-pond for the hussy. In the days when many politic churchmen gave away their coat in order that they might keep their shirt the bishops' manor in Blickling came to the hands of King Henry VIII., by whom it was granted to Sir John Clere, who joined it to the other manor in Blickling, called Dagworths manor. Dagworths is said to have been given, soon after the conquest, by a bishop of Norwich to one John, the son of Robert, a soldier well affected to the see at a time when a stout man in a mail hauberk was a friend to be made much of by a bishop whose diocese saw much riding and running of armed men. The nieces of this man of war took their uncle's lands to their husbands, and a descendant of these nieces sold the manor early in the fourteenth century—a

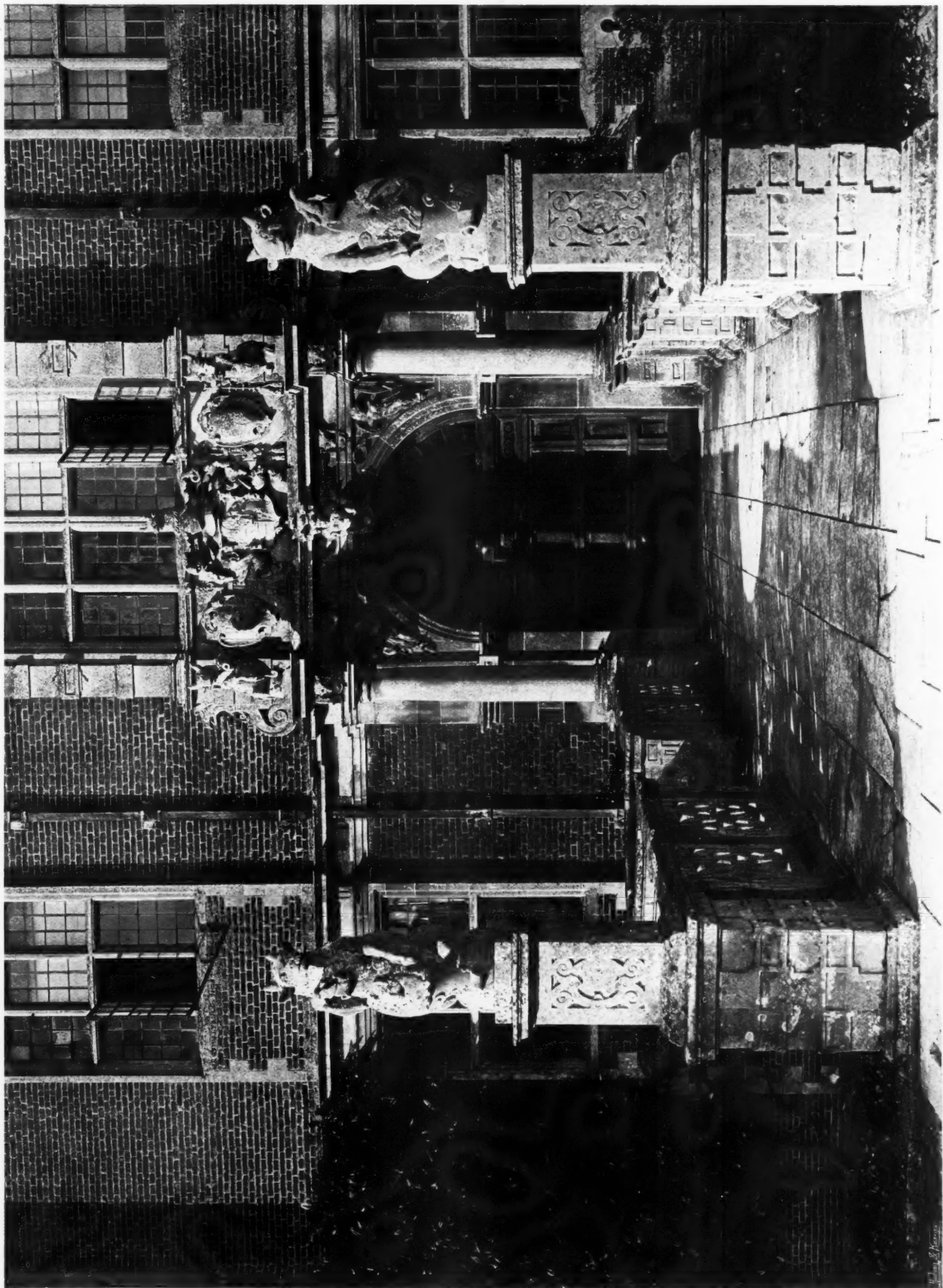
century which saw Blickling again in the hands of a soldier of renown.

Sir Thomas Dagworth, a knight out of Suffolk, being lieutenant for King Edward III. in Brittany, took the King's enemy, Charles of Blois, prisoner with much slaughter of knights and men-at-arms, and having smitten thus handsomely with the sword, perished by the sword in the same year, being cut off in an ambush. By his marriage he was a near kinsman of the King, and his son, Sir Nicholas Dagworth, had high employment from Edward III. and the second Richard. He commanded for the King in Aquitaine, and went on embassies to treat with the dukes and lords of Italy, with the princes of Germany, and with popes and kings. This Sir Nicholas had the manor, thenceforward called by his name as Dagworths manor, under a settlement of 1368. Here he built a new house, and here he died at the beginning of a new century. He is more than a name in Blickling, for in the church one may still see his figure in brass on his tombstone—a long and lean face, with a moustached lip showing below his pointed bascinet, his body clad in close-fitting harness and tight surcoat. His sword and heavy dagger balance each other against his thighs, his feet rest on a couching lion, and his head upon a great helm with a crest of a griffon's head.

After him the Dagworth manor came to the hands of yet more famous soldiers. Old Sir Thomas Erpingham, the hero of Agincourt, was lord here, and sold to Sir John Fastolf, that rich old fox of Norfolk, who added this manor to the broad lands which the spoil of the foreign wars had brought him. Sir John was a man of affairs as well as a man of the sword, and he did not keep Dagworths manor long in his hands, but allowed one







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THE PORCH AND THE BRIDGE.

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THE CLOCK TURRET AND ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Geoffrey Boleyn, who lived under his patronage, to buy it of him at a price. Master Boleyn, sometime lord mayor of London, should have been at least as keen at a bargain as the soldier his patron, but a letter written by him after Sir John's death complains sadly to John Paston, the knight's executor, of the price paid when the writer bought the manor of Blickling "of my maister Fastolf, hoose sowle God asoyle."

This Geoffrey Boleyn, a Norfolk man by birth, must have found that even in London Sir John Fastolf's name was a weighty one, for as a citizen and mercer he made his way, being

alderman of his ward and lord mayor in 1457. His wife, Anne, was one of the daughters and heirs of the Lord Hoo and Hastings, and glass in the chapel of Blickling church asked for prayers for the good estate of Geoffrey Boleyn and Anne his consort, who made the chapel and its window. His two sons, having rank and place from their mother and riches from their father, were both knights. The younger of these survived his brother, and was made Knight of the Bath when Richard III. was crowned. He took to wife a daughter and co-heir of Thomas, Earl of Ormond, adding to his family estates the noble seat of Hever Castle in Kent. His son, Sir



Thomas, went further yet, was Knight of the Bath, Viscount of Rochford, and Earl of Wiltshire, married the Duke of Norfolk's daughter, and put upon the pyramid of his family honours a topping stone which crushed the whole. For his daughter Anne became a queen of England, and went in 1536 to the block, her only brother having suffered two days before her. This ended the great days of the Boleyns. The old earl, a man of but moderate wits, who had lived a splendid life of tourneys and embassies, who had arranged the meeting of the Field of Cloth of Gold, besides seeing something of the parade of war, died not long after the doom of his children, and, as we may believe, with

little reason to guess that a grandchild of his own would fill the throne of his fierce son-in-law.

Blickling Hall came from Sir James Boleyn, a younger brother of the earl, who died childless, to the son of his sister Alice, who married a Norfolk knight who had figured at the Cloth of Gold pageant. This son, Sir John Clere of Ormsby, brother of the Clere who lies at Lambeth under tombstone verses written by his friend the poet, Earl of Surrey, settled at Blickling, where his family remained until Sir Edward Clere, his grandson, sold it away. In this Edward Clere something of the extravagant great-grandfather,



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THE STAIRWAY.

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THE STAIRWAY; CENTRAL VIEW.

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THE STAIRWAY: ASCENT TO GALLERY.

THE STAIRWAY: CENTRAL VIEW.

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who had strutted in the Field of Cloth of Gold, must have risen again. He, too, ruffled splendidly amongst French courtiers, and was a knight of the French king's order of St. Michael, but "affecting much grandeur," and nourishing a vast retinue at Blickling, his debts overcame him, and Blickling passed to a more prudent master when he sold it to Sir Henry Hobart, the attorney-general.

We have come at last to the family which raised the stately walls of the Blickling Hall of our pictures. The lands had passed to those who knew them well, Hobarts out of Suffolk and Norfolk, sprung from James Hobart, Henry VII.'s attorney-general, and friend of the John Paston to whom Geoffrey Boleyn

had written bewailing his costly purchase of Blickling. Sir Henry, the new purchaser of the manor, was a baronet of a creation of 1611, the year in which baronetcies began. He was chief justice of the common pleas, and must have been popular in his county, where even now a chief justice who held that foreign corn should be taxed until home prices went up would be hailed by his farmer neighbours as a very Daniel for nice judgment of the affairs of the ploughlands. He seems to have been a learned and modest man, not too subservient to court influence at a time when all men were subservient, although Bacon, whose road to the attorney-generalship he had blocked for seven years, accuses him as one who "falsely affected intimacy with great folk," an old English







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## PART OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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The chief justice's son is usually called the builder of Blickling Hall, but it is evident that the father was not long content with the old house which had sheltered the Cleres and the Boleyns. His arms are over the entrance with those of his wife, and dates about the building show that the principal work was finished in his time under the care of Robert Timmins, the architect, who is buried in Blickling churchyard hard by his masterpiece.

His younger son, Miles Hobart, is generally confused with his fiery cousin, Sir Miles Hobart, who locked the door of the House of Commons and pocketed the key, in order that timid

members should stay to face a debate on tunnage and poundage, and, incidentally, on the royal prerogatives, for which Sir Miles was long caged in the Tower, refusing to give sureties for future good behaviour. He yielded at last to the plague which was creeping about his prison gates, gave his sureties, and died the next year by the oversetting of his coach.

Sir John Hobart, the third baronet, was a little child when this obstinate kinsman was wrangling for liberty and Parliamentary privileges, but he grew up another stout Parliamentarian Hobart, and was Lord Hobart in Oliver's House of Lords. Like many another who had been in the commonwealth councils, he found it easy to make his peace when the King came home again,

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and in his time Blickling received King Charles II. through its stately gatehouse, to the joy of the neighbourhood, a country poet boasting that now

"Blickling two monarchs and two queens has seen,  
One king fetched thence, another brought, a queen."

Sir John had married into "the good old cause," for his wife was one of the daughters of John Hampden the patriot. Long afterwards, in 1824, their descendants inherited Hampden lands through marriage, and the Hobarts became Hobart-Hampdens.

King Charles had made a knight of Sir John's eldest boy on his coming to Blickling, but he failed to make a loyal courtier of the son and heir of a Cromwellian lord, and the grandson of the Hampden who had his death-wound at Chalgrove fight. Sir Henry Hobart of Blickling remembered of what blood he came when King James II. and his Parliament were at the old quarrel, and was amongst those members who passed the resolution in the Convention Parliament that the throne of England was vacant. As a gentleman of the horse he rode beside King William at Boyne water, but he took no harm from the Irish bullets, dying at last of a contested election, for, at the polling in 1698, he

Lady Lothian, made it her home for the thirty years of her widowhood, and who did much for the improvement and beautifying of the estate and place, the gardens, a notable feature, having been planned and laid out by her in 1872.

The Hobarts of the seventeenth century would at least have approved of the ancestry of the new dynasty at Blickling. Sprung from the ancient line of the Kerr of Fernihurst, the husband of the Hobart heiress descended from that Earl of Lothian who rode into England with the covenanting army which smote royalist Amalek at Newburn. They stood staunchly for the house of Hanover, the fourth marquess having been a cavalry commander at Culloden, where his younger brother fell under the rush of the claymores, after spitting the first highlander upon his spontoon.

The walls of Blickling are nigh upon the three hundredth anniversary of their building, and like the noble old house it is, the Hall seems to have taken colour and life from each of the generations that have lived and died in it. It is, indeed, a most stately house, and a splendid example of that Jacobean style, the broad-windowed style, which speaks of a land at peace, the walls warm with red brick enriched with stone-mullioned windows, stone mouldings, and pinnacled gables. Only in the dusk of the



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NORTH SIDE OF DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

challenged his neighbour Oliver Le Neve on account of certain injurious words which Le Neve disowned. The two met on Cawston heath, where Le Neve took his adversary's sword-point in his arm, and stabbed with his own deep into Sir Henry's body. The baronet of Blickling died the next day, Le Neve flying the country to skulk abroad under false names.

The dead baronet's little boy grew up to hold a peerage as Lord Hobart of Blickling in 1728, and the earldom of Buckinghamshire in the Culloden year. These honours show that the head of the Blickling house was at least loyal to the new dynasty, but there can be small doubt that the earl owed his coronet to his sister Henrietta, the "Mrs. Howard," afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who was a recognised mistress of King George II. Surely the strangest of royal *liaisons*, this of the prim and strait-laced mistress whom her prince flouted and deserted for the sake of his better-loved wife.

John Hobart, the second earl, left Blickling to his second daughter, Caroline, who became Lady Suffield. At her death in 1850 it passed, by her father's will, to the grandson of her elder sister, the eighth Marquess of Lothian, whose widow, Constance,

evening, when no more than its square corner-towers stand up against the sky, flanking walls in shadow, could it suggest the old fortress-house from which it has developed.

The moat is there, but as though for old custom's sake in a county where there were many moated houses, the Hall is not entered over a drawbridge, but over a wide path of flag-stones along a stone bridge of two arches. At the bridge entry of the south front we look up at two stone bulls, admirable grotesques, grinning strangely as they sit each upon a square pedestal, supporting with loyal care scrolled scutcheons, the one with a bull's head crest of Hobart, the other with the falcon crest of the Bells from whom came the chief justice's wife. Above the pillars and rich spandrels of the doorway are the shield, helm, and crest of Sir Henry Hobart flanked by two lesser bulls. These beasts recall at first the bulls' heads of the Boleyns, or Bullens, the yet older lords of Blickling, but here they stand only for Hobarts, and the front which they guard was built in 1620.

The building is an H closed at either end, having inner and outer courts, the chief rooms lying on the eastern side. The hall, entered from the outer court, is of a character new-fashioned





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NORTH-EAST AND SOUTH-EAST FRONTS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the builder's day, being no longer the principal dwelling-room, but merely an entry, and a case for a magnificent oaken staircase upon whose carved posts stand ten figures in carved wood, the oldest and best of these being the pair at the stairfoot. Further up the stairway we are saluted by a little soldier, who presents arms, in the cocked hat and looped skirts of the reign of King George III., and at the stairhead stands a highlander in a belted plaid, these being memorials of the enlargements made of the second Earl of Buckinghamshire, who retired to his old Norfolk house after leaving Dublin, and spent his last years in planning repairs and changes in Blickling Hall, which suffered in his time by a fire on its western side. His portrait by Gainsborough is here in a room hung with tapestry, given the ambassador by the Empress Catherine, and the clock-tower, a somewhat unworthy companion of the ancient chimney-stacks, may, perhaps, be another of his monuments. The dining-room, seen in another of our pictures, is a grave place of panelled walls, having the date of 1627 over its mantel-piece, at which time old Sir Henry Hobart was dead and his son enriching the rooms of the completed house. Nevertheless, the son's piety has decorated the panels of the chimney-breast with a great achievement of his dead father's arms and with another

of the family of his mother, Dorothy Bell of Beaupré. The drawing-room and the library, 127ft. long, have plaster-work ceilings of the rarest, deep relief of strap and scroll work, figures, curious proverbs (some unknown even to Sir William Stirling Maxwell), devices, and flowers, and our drawing-room picture shows another most stately chimney-piece. The architect of Blickling Hall was Lyminge, who also designed Hatfield House.

These pictures will make it clear that Blickling is no deserted palace. Whilst its neighbour and rival of Oxnead decayed, Blickling flourished. It stands amongst pleasant gardens ringed in with the timber and water of a fair park, and within doors is handsomely maintained. The printed books and manuscripts of a famous library are upon its shelves, and its many family portraits look down on rooms full of ancient furniture from the Jacobean age to the age of the industrious Chippendale.

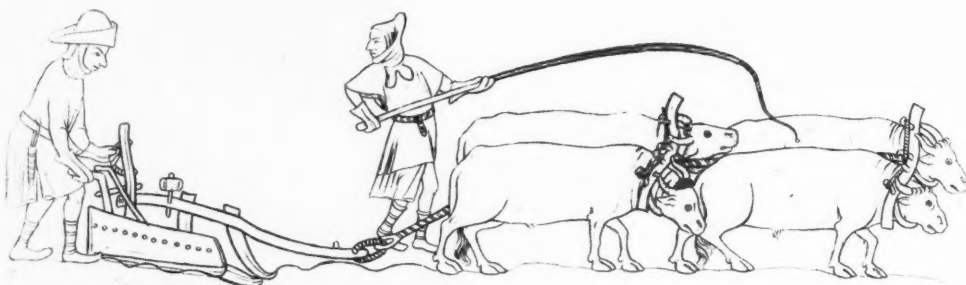
Blickling, indeed, lacks for nothing which an ancient country house should enjoy, not even for a ghost, for the last Mr. Augustus Hare used to repeat a tale of a fish from the lake in the park, out of whose jaws sprang a black dog-fiend, who ran his terrifying course in the passages of the Hall until confused by the breaking up of the old rooms with new partitions.

## COUNTRY LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE historical novel and the historical play yield plentiful pictures of "Merrie England" as the home of knight and squire, fair lady and troubadour. We are familiar with ambling palfreys and gleaming armour, with much noise from "excursions and alarums" of men-at-arms, with prisoners in Norman keeps, and faithful ladies (disguised in becoming silken hose and doublet) delivering their knights from durance vile. And we return, some of us, with a sigh to the drab centuries of our own birth and life.

But what of the England beyond the narrow confines of court and castle, walled city and busy mart? What of the green pastures whence came the fleeces that in this fourteenth century supplied the wool of the world (medieval politicians had no doubts as to the benefits of monopolies)? What of the cornlands and the great forests that yielded food and fuel; the England, in short, of the farmer and yeoman, the villein and serf?

An old monk working early in the fourteenth century has left, for the few who know of the existence of his Psalter, the vivid sketches here reproduced of just that great mass of English folk of whose joys and sorrows, struggles and achievements, the singers of romance are mute. And from contemporary law parchments, and the like, we can gather stray glimpses of the village life of 600 years ago, more vivid, perhaps, than the learned theories of modern historians. What, for instance, might the country property of a well-to-do widow, *tempo*



PLOUGHING.

Edward II., include? Such an one, it would seem, was a certain Agnes, widow of Adam de Twynham. To her was assigned a third of the chief messuage, the third of a dovecote, a decent grange, a moiety of the cowhouse (*boverie*), and a sheepcot (*bercaria*), lying together with a green plot near the said grange, provided that she also contributed a third of the dovecote when necessary. Further, the lady possessed broad acres of arable land, a portion of the rents of the freemen (as the rent of Annice de Lacy of the yearly value of 2s. 2d.), and a third of 557 "boon-works," that is, the irregular services demanded from the villeins of an estate, services performed whenever the owner should require. Thus, in the case of Dame Agnes, she could demand, between the Gule of August and Michaelmas, from Robert Nichole, 28 boon-works of the yearly value of 2s. 4d. Also to her belonged the third of 111 ploughings yearly (thus, of Thomas Adam one of the yearly value of 3d.), a third of 27 cocks and hens, 4 capons, and 2 geese yearly (as, from Robert Nichole two hens and one cock), and 1,080 eggs at Easter, to wit, 360 of the yearly value of 9d. to be received from Adam Wrann, Robert Wodlonde, and Robert Nichole.

Here we see the lady of the manor farming her land, and receiving not only work from the country-folk, but also their produce. The ancient system of serf-labour, so difficult to realise as ever in force in English fields, spared neither man nor woman. Such women labourers are recorded by name in another dower-roll of the period—that of Agatha Fitz-Bernard—in which, together with such property as land and rents, there are enumerated the lady's rights in boon-works between midsummer and St. Peter ad Vincula, to wit, 35 boon-works of the yearly value of 17½d., price of a work ½d., to be received; from Evota atte

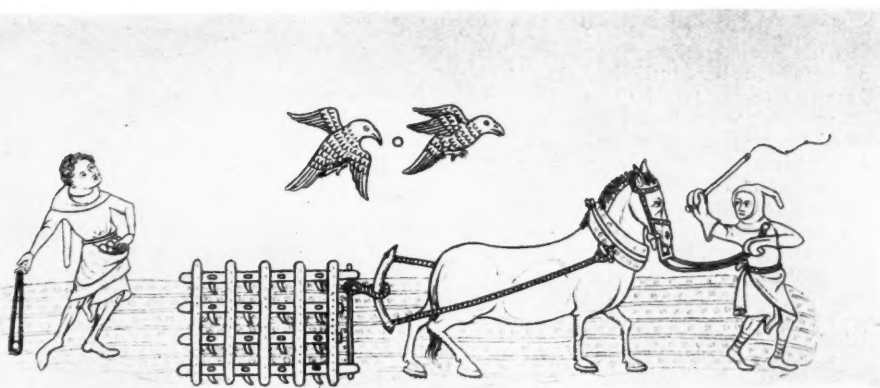


BREAKING THE EARTH.



Hache 15 works, from Matilde Bolle 15, from Roesia Kenep 5. We may hope that Dame Agatha FitzBernard did not enforce too heavily her dues of labour from Evota, Matilde, and Roesia. The country dower of yet another fourteenth century lady included (from lands in Berkshire and Oxfordshire) a little stable and granary, a grange called "le Haybern," a curtilage called "Paradis," a fish-pond; arable land, "mowing acres" and pasture, some whereof was "near the land of Isabella Adam" (did the two ladies, we wonder, ever have neighbourly differences as to their respective rights); "reasonable easements" in the bakehouse and house with a cider-press; 6s. rent yearly from a fishery in the Thames, and a third of 8 "sticks" of eels from the rent of the water of Loderne. Some of her arable land, we may note, was priced at 4d. an acre, of the mowing land 18d. an acre, and of the pasture 10d. an acre.

Such a lady of the manor, if she supervised her own estates, must have had ample occupation besides the popularly familiar mediæval accomplishments of music and embroidery, nursing wounded knights in war, and going a-hawking with gay companies in peace. The fields in the village would be tilled on the three-field rule then in vogue, the arable land being divided into two crops (wheat and barley or oats) and fallow. The land would be ploughed with cumbersome wooden ploughs pulled by a team of four or eight oxen, as we see in the careful drawing of our old monk; this would be regular work (as opposed to the boon-work) performed by the villeins of the manor. To Dame Agnes de Twynham, as we have seen, belonged thirty-seven ploughings. The ploughmen of our illustration appear well-found enough, with their gloved hands, ornamental belts, and excellent headgear. Little was done in manuring or draining. Sowing we see done carefully with the bare hand, and not without marauding birds driven off by a dog. Harrowing is accomplished by a horse who shows no sign of scanty provender, and whose harness was clearly his carter's pride. The said carter is again warmly gloved and most efficiently hooded; behind



HARROWING.

the harrow comes a lad slinging stones at the unwelcome birds.

In another picture the corn is up, and careful weeders are at work with tools that do not seem to fall into any category of modern farm labour; doubtless the Evotas and Roesias of the day were familiar with these humanely back-saving implements. In reaping, the crop would, in those days, be cut high on the stalk, a custom which prevented the wet straw and weeds from being carried, and also left as much stubble as possible behind, to be cut later for thatching and litter, or to be ploughed in instead of manure. The harvest, as a rule, took about six weeks, the

reaping being, as we see, at any rate partly done by women. The well-gloved worker, we may note, reappears in carrying the corn. The amount of a fourteenth century wheat harvest would vary from sixteen to four bushels an acre in favourable years.

Harvest being over, all the stock of the

village would be turned promiscuously on to the stubbles. With winter came the threshing. In our illustration, the embroidered clothes of the labourers who wield the big flails appear in quaint contradiction to their bare legs and feet. Also with the winter came the winnowing, this being done chiefly by women. Finally, the grain was generally carefully stored in barns and granges, and sometimes in the churches. Even in good years there was not much more produced than would support the village till the next harvest. When wheat was sold, it fetched about 6s. a quarter, and barley about 4s. 3d.

So much for the work on the arable land and in the granary of our fourteenth century manor. But, of course, many other industries accompanied the production of corn. Sheep-keeping was at this time perhaps the most profitable of all branches of farming, for, as we have said, England possessed a monopoly of the wool trade, and there was a constantly-increasing demand for fleeces, which were exported for the looms of Flanders. These mediæval fleeces were very light, often weighing under 20z. The difficulties of the sheep-farmer must have been greatly enhanced by the fact that in those days there were no hedges (again, it is difficult to imagine England hedgeless), and consequently the lambs lacked protection from the weather. Also the



SOWING.



WEEDING.

majority of the sheep had to be killed in the winter, there being no roots and but little hay wherewith to feed them. The *daye*, or dairymaid, would be one of the regular manor servants, cheese and butter being universally made; and it is obvious that mediæval poultry-keepers knew of some method of preserving eggs, as we have seen that the dues of Dame Agnes de Twynham included the receipt of 1,080 eggs at Easter. It would be interesting to know whether or not modern recipes for egg preservation can show a pedigree of 700 years. The dove-cote, or colombier, recently discussed in an interesting correspondence in this paper, was evidently an important item of the homestead, as we find a third of a dove-cote assigned to this same Dame Agnes, and, moreover, an obligation to contribute to it one-third when necessary. Honey also would not be neglected; indeed, in some ancient documents of a Gloucestershire abbey we find honey taking legal rank as an acknowledged rent, "*Tenentes Honilond*" being those tenants "who render a certain quantity of honey



REAPING CORN.

wars created a large demand on the farmers of the period. And these provision orders incidentally throw an interesting light on the wide range for the carriage of local goods existing in days of pack waggons. Thus in 1311 we find the sheriff of Kent ordered to cause the 40 and 30 quarters of wheat, 240 quarters of barley, 130 quarters of oats, and 80 quarters of salt that the king ordered

him to buy and provide and send to Berwick - on - Tweed for the Scotch expedition, to be carried to London. Again, the sheriff of Lincoln is bidden, under pain of forfeiture, to provide 300 quarters of wheat, 300 quarters of malt, 300 quarters of beans and pease, and 20 quarters of salt, without delay, and to send them by sea "to Dundee," there to be delivered to the chamberlain of Scotland for the munition of that town. And we find an order to the sheriff of Nottingham and Derby to send wheat and barley malt, beans, and "300 bacon-pigs" for the "munition of the Towns of Edenburg and Lynliscu." Clearly the distribution of farm produce was a matter excellently organised in this fourteenth century, 600 years before the arrival of railways, and the subjection of English roads and lanes to the hideous tyranny of the motor-car. The great castles of the time also made large demands on local produce. Thus we read of Windsor Castle that the sheriffs of Oxford and Berkshire provide that "Wyndesare Castle have 50 quarters of wheat, 6 tuns of wine, 40 quarters of malt, 100 quarters of oats, 20 carcasses of beef, 20 bacon-pigs, two

thousands of herrings, five hundreds of stock fish, 20 quarters of salt, and ten cartloads of hay," "to be delivered to Warin de Insula the constable." And that the *petite culture* was not neglected may be gathered from an order to the sheriff of Kent to send a barrel of honey to Dover Castle.

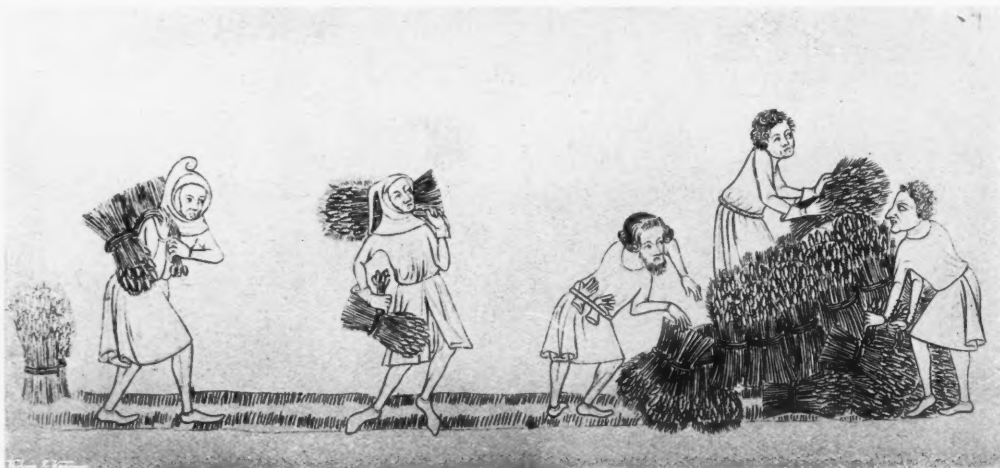
Country life in "Merrie England" doubtless had its drawbacks,



THRASHING.

yearly for their holdings." Last, but by no means least, nearly every villein family would have its pig, the "bacon pig," as the old records name him, sent out in the summer under common swineherds to feed in the woods and wastes. The regular manor servants, the ploughmen, carters, drivers, herdsmen, and dairymaid, worked for about 310 days in the year, receiving regular allowances of grain, and some money. Occasional labourers were paid in money only, and usually by the piece, 6d. an acre for ploughing, 1d. for hoeing, 2½d. for mowing being ordinary rates. Women, who were frequently employed, earned about 1d. a day. Thus "it has been calculated that cultivation cost the lord about £1 an acre, a rate which not only left the labourers well off, but also paid fairly well." The period was, of course, one of transition from the older feudal system of enforced labour to that of land tilled by wage-paid labourers.

As to the fourteenth century markets for country produce, it is evident from contemporary documents that the provisioning of the great castles and of the armies for the king's



CORN IN SHEAF.



its robber-knights, its Black Deaths, its heavy taxes and tyrannies; but at least, in the carefully observant eyes of our mediæval artist, the ploughman and thresher, the sower, the Evotas and Roesias of the soil appeared excellently well found in clothing and implements, in fat horses and sturdy ox

teams. And where will you find your modern farm labourer ploughing and harrowing, sowing and harvesting, his hands the while protected in excellent gloves? It would almost seem as if our nineteenth century progress were not, after all, infallible.

G. M. GODDEN.

## WINTER GAME-HAWKING.

ALTHOUGH the last days in November are full late for partridge-shooting, the falconer who is lucky enough to possess a good steady game hawk can still render a good account of this quarry, if he sets about his business in the orthodox, old-fashioned way. Accordingly I accepted with alacrity the invitation which came a fortnight ago to see a day's sport on the Wiltshire Downs, although it was only expected that one peregrine would be fit to take the field, and although I knew, by former experience, that we should have a good deal of hard walking before we could hope to bag even one bird, and should have reason to think ourselves lucky if we could bring back a brace.

Arrived at the picturesque house of my friend, embowered in the small valley amidst beeches and oaks which still retained



THE BROAD EXPANSE OF WINGS AND TAIL.

a large part of their autumn livery of rich brown tints, we were at once introduced to the winged warrior on whom our hopes for the day reposed. As he stood, unhooded, out of doors on his block, those of us who were unacquainted with the "points" in which the peregrine excels all other birds could admire at leisure the notable length of his powerful wings as he half opened them in a drooping attitude. Equally remarkable to critical, but unpractised, eyes was the immense width of his chest as the hawk faced towards us. The huge pectoral

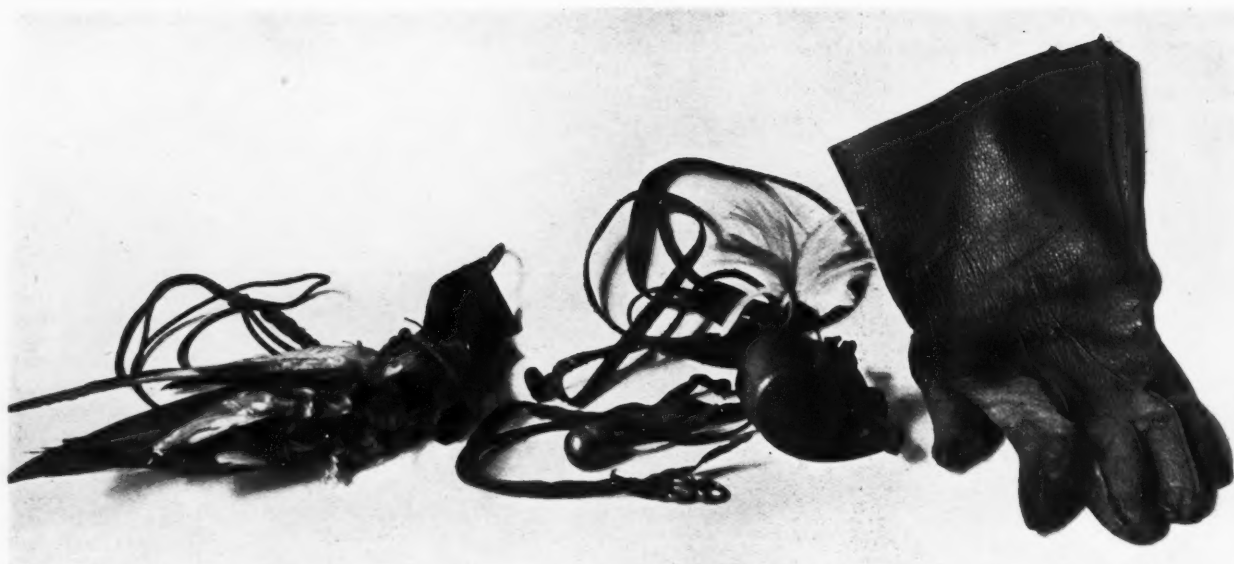
muscles betokened flying powers of no ordinary kind; and it was evident that beneath them there was ample space for a capacious heart and lungs. The front view also showed us at once that this tiercel was far from being a young one. The broad expanse of creamy white, which was so conspicuous on his throat



HIS IMMENSE WIDTH OF CHEST



AND NOTABLE LENGTH OF WING.



A HAWK'S FURNITURE.

and upper breast, is only acquired by peregrines after at least more than two annual moults. The streaks or bars of dark colour by which his lower body and thighs were crossed were narrower and closer together than they would be in a hawk moulted only once. The back view not only shows how abnormally large is the expanse of wings and tail in this kind of hawk, but also indicates to those of us who know something about falconry that this tiercel is moulting, and even informs us exactly at what stage in the moult he has arrived. Look at those two feathers in the very middle of the tail. Those are what are called the "deck feathers;" and they are the first to be changed in the moult. They have still a short distance to come down before they arrive at their full growth and are equal in length to the others. Now count the feathers in the tail; there are only ten of them, whereas the full complement in all hawks is twelve. Two of the old feathers have, therefore, dropped out; and the new ones which are to replace them have not yet grown down so far that they can be seen. The tail is, however, symmetrical enough. Not so the wings. It is there that the evidences of the moult are most apparent. There are sad gaps between some of the most important feathers, and a decidedly "ragged" appearance, showing that not only four or more of the long or "beam" feathers, but also several of the secondary and minor ones, are wanting.

The poor hawk is thus cruelly handicapped for the arduous business in which he is to be engaged. He will have to make up by hard work, and above all by skill, for the want of speed which such a deficiency as his lost feathers necessarily entails. That he will triumph over these difficulties and do himself justice, nevertheless, seems to be the confident belief of his owner, as he strokes his old favourite with that gentle movement of the hand which all well-natured hawks seem to regard as a sign of friendship, favour, and encouragement. Before we start we get a hurried photograph of the "furniture" which, in accordance with the usage of centuries, is appropriate for trained hawks of the long-winged kind—the well-worn glove with its stout gauntlet, the leash with its ring and swivel attached, the bell with its little leathern bewit, the hood, and the weighted lure with its weather-beaten thong.



FAVOUR AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

Once in the open country we walk in line across the stubbles, hoping to find a covey and, driving it before us, mark it down somewhere with sufficient accuracy to enable us to make sure of a flight. But the first lot of birds scuds away in the wrong direction, skimming over the rising ground at a strong pace, and soon vanishing over the distant ridge. The next covey, which has evidently been thinned in numbers during the autumn months, is more accommodating, and is seen to settle down in the near corner of a big field of swedes. This time we may, with luck, have a chance at the birds. We get round to the far side of the swedes, so as to drive the field down wind, and as we begin to walk them we unhood and throw off our tiercel. The old hawk starts in rather a floppety way, flapping the far from perfect feathers of his wings with a loud noise as he gets under way; but every stroke he makes seems to diminish his first awkwardness and to render it easier work for him to mount in a wide

curve towards the higher regions. As he continues his spiral course upwards we hurry on. Soon the hawk has attained a height of 300ft. or so, and as he makes the down-wind end of his circle in the air he is already over the spot where we expect to find the quarry. We hasten on, therefore, at the double, hoping to hustle up the birds while he is still to windward of them. But, alas! we reach the end of the swedes without putting up anything except a few blackbirds. The partridges must have run a long way into the field before we came up, and be hiding somewhere on our right. And now the tiercel is hanging on in the air quite a long way down wind. Never mind—we must not keep him too long on the wing. We must get up the partridges somehow, so as not to disappoint him altogether. His owner now sounds a short note on his whistle, and just shows a glimpse of the lure, which has hitherto been concealed in his pocket. The quick-sighted tiercel sees it, and comes at once towards us. But in doing so he descends plainly from the height at which he has been floating easily along. And at the same moment, on our extreme right, the five partridges get up with a loud whirr. Away they go, shaping their course right up wind at a desperate pace. The hawk flies onward for half-a-dozen strokes, and turns over for the stoop. His greater altitude enables him to decrease rapidly the distance between him



and the quarry. But though his pace is good, it is not good enough. The best part of the long, slanting stoop is exhausted before he is close up to his intended victim, and at the end of it his pace is not so very much greater than that of the hindmost partridge. This latter, with a quick movement, shifts from the stroke without being touched; and the hawk, though he immediately throws up, has not enough impetus to regain a commanding position. The flight threatens to degenerate into a tame stern chase. But before the peregrine is in a situation to stoop again, the partridges are safe in the thick underwood of a small spinney.

We call down our unsuccessful hawk to the dead lure, and get back to beat the remaining corner of the big field of swedes. This time we will not wait to mark a covey down. Ten to one we shall find one as we walk over the ground. Now the tiercel waits on less high, but nearer to us, and he is nearly over my head when, just in front of me, up jump a brace of young birds. They go like wildfire, but the fates are against them; they have waited too long in hiding. Before they have gone much more than a gun-shot, the tiercel makes his stoop—short, sharp, but vicious and well aimed. His impetus is now so great that he cuts over the nearest bird by a blow with one hind talon, and without a moment's pause shoots up again to a commanding height. With the quickness born of long practice, he gathers himself up in the air for a second downward stroke, and, with what looks like an easy movement, though in reality there is no ease about it, he seizes his second victim by the joint of the right wing and brings him down softly enough to the ground. We allow him to remain on his well-earned prize for a minute or two before taking him up, and as he is carried homewards on the gloved fist, he is indulged with a plenteous repast on the dainty viands which he has so well deserved.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### CHRISTMAS FOR THE BIRDS.

**C**HRISTMAS! What do they who live in London, and go not out where they can hear a robin sing, know of Christmas? One may have a good "old-fashioned" Christmas without snow or ice. A Christmas tree is not essential, nor are the "waits"; and even the plum-pudding can be dispensed with. But a robin—

"The bird whom men love best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English robin"—

one robin at least is absolutely necessary to a really-truly, legal Christmas Day. It is better that you should feed him yourself—not for his sake, but for yours—scatter the crumbs with your own hand, and you will be lighter hearted for it for the rest of the day; but at least do him the grace to let him sing to you. He knows, if you do not, that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and he will sing his Christmas carol just as blithely, crumbs or no crumbs.

### A BIRD SANCTUARY.

There is one house where the birds have almost more Christmas than the inmates, and none of the inmates who has once shared in the pretty ceremonies of "giving the birds their Christmas" would willingly forego it in future years. It is a small property of some thirteen acres, which lies between two big estates, each rather widely renowned for its shooting, and those thirteen acres are sanctuary for all living things.

No, the owner is no goody-goody sentimentalist, but, on the contrary, a first-class sportsman, who hunts, is a keen fisherman, and a good shot. But he has made up his mind that, with the little land that he has, he gets more pleasure all the year round by making the birds and animals "at home" with him than he could possibly derive from trying to make anything of his shooting. And—what is, perhaps, more important—his neighbours believe that it is

better for them as well; for, as a matter of fact, once each year his coverts are shot—or, rather, they are beaten, for the guns are not posted on his land. There is really only one neighbour who is interested, for the colonel's property wraps round the thirteen acres on three sides, while a high road separates them from the park of the still larger landowner—the earl—on the fourth.

### ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

Any day when the colonel has a shoot going on, if you go down to that side of the thirteen acres which is nearest to the guns, you will see the pheasants legging it as hard as they can run along the shelter of the hedges to the land where they know is safety, and it looks as if Colonel Smith must lose a dozen brace or more. But one day each year the colonel's head-keeper comes and presents the colonel's compliments, and "what day would it be convenient for Mr. Jones to allow the colonel to come and shoot his spinneys?" Any day will be convenient to Mr. Jones. In that case, the keeper has been ordered to suggest Thursday next. So on Thursday, the time having been settled by an exchange of notes, the colonel and his party turn up—usually about noon—for a sandwich and a drink, and the whole household sallies out to watch every pheasant and flying thing being hustled out of those sacred spinneys. How astonished the pheasants must be—those that cannot remember what happened last year—at this sudden betrayal of their confidence! But the colonel gets all his birds back, and probably a few more from the other side, while, since the little property has been made the almost perfect sanctuary that it is, the spinneys have taken to harbouring woodcock, though they are found nowhere on either of the two great estates close by, and ten years ago were unknown in the neighbourhood. Every year these coverts produce a brace or a brace and a-half, and one year no fewer than five were killed in one morning only, and three or four others got away. So far from regarding the sanctuary as a nuisance, the colonel would be extremely sorry to see the little property pass into the hands of a man who nursed the shooting.

### THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

But it is at Christmas-time, as it should be, that the birds are made merry. First, there is the birds'

Christmas tree on the lawn—a real tree growing in a huge pot which is brought out hung with lumps of suet, pieces of coconut, crusts of bread, bacon rinds, dried pippins, citron peel, and whatever else is handy to tie on, and may be expected to appeal to the appetites of birds. And what a sight the tree is! And what a racing and chasing and scuffling and gorging go on all round it and all over it, from dawn to dusk,



ON HIS WELL-EARNED PRIZE.



HOMEWARD ON THE GLOVED FIST.

and day after day; for the tree is left out, replenished at intervals with good things, until the mild weather comes in early spring. The fool is scattered in remote corners of the shrubberies and in all odd nocks where the shy creatures, that dare not approach the house, can find it; while for the pheasants a certain angle of the lawn whence a green path runs off to the orchard beyond the shrubberies is strewn with raisins and lumps of actual Christmas pudding. Evidently the news of what is going on spreads quickly, for while, when the first scattering of raisins takes place two days before Christmas, there may not be half-a-dozen pheasants to share the bounty, there will be twenty-five or thirty when the third, and last, distribution takes place.

on Christmas morning. In this case the charity is not continued, and the pheasants soon scatter again. Half-a-dozen may stay about the garden all winter, but no more; and every spring there are only the same two or three pheasants' nests on all the thirteen acres. The paddocks and the meadow take up ten acres, and in the immediate vicinity of the house the pheasants will not breed; so that there are, after all, not many good natural nesting sites on so small a property, and the quarrelsome cock birds themselves take care that the nests shall not be too close together. So nobody feels himself injured by my friend's kindly hobby, and certainly it gives pleasure to himself and his household, as well as, one would suppose, to the birds. H. P. R.

## THE "TALLY-GRAFT."

By M. E. FRANCIS.

THE post-office of Riverton was situated at a turn of the road, and lay on the outskirts of the village. It was only when a stranger was close to the door that he identified it as a post-office at all, for the notice-board announcing the fact was almost hidden beneath an array of brooms, pots and pans, and other appurtenances of the general shop, in one corner of which His Majesty's business was transacted. Mrs. Courage's patrons belonged for the most part to the rustic community immediately surrounding her, and she carried on a brisk trade in soap, bacon, and candles, unbleached calico and flannelette. It was such a small, dark little place, and so much overcrowded with wares, that the post-office department was, squeezed into a very remote corner, and little Miss Goobey, who had presided over it for more than twenty years, was so slight and insignificant herself that a chance visitor would scarcely have noticed her.

When Solomon Bugg made his way up to the species of little sentry-box in which she habitually sat, one autumn morning, he rapped sharply on the counter once or twice before he perceived the outline of her little figure.

"Yes, sir?" said Miss Goobey, interrogatively.

"Oh, ye're there, be ye?" said Solomon Bugg. "It's you, Miss Goobey? Dalled if I could make out who 'twas a-settin' there in the dark."

"You don't often come to our post-office, do you?" queried the little woman, laughing.

She had a pleasant, faded face, and a pleasant, gentle little voice; everybody liked Miss Goobey, who had, indeed, carried herself through her forty odd years of life with unvarying modesty and good nature. While she kept herself to herself, as the saying went, and worked hard for her living, she had a kind word for everyone, and though she had not a single surviving relation, she possessed many friends.

No greater contrast, perhaps, could have been presented to the retiring figure of the little spinster than that of Solomon Bugg, whose big, burly form reached almost to the ceiling of the shop, so that his good-natured, grey-whiskered face jostled the hams and fitches which hung therefrom.

Extending one great hand now, he endeavoured to shake Miss Goobey's beneath the grating which fenced her off, and finding that impossible, nodded instead. She noted that the hand was the left one, and looking closer observed that he carried his right arm in a sling.

"Have you hurt yourself, Mr. Bugg?" she enquired.

"Well, I don't know about hurtin' myself," he returned. "I've broke my arm."

"Oh, that's bad!" said Miss Goobey.

"'Tis what brings me here," resumed Solomon. "I want to send a tally-graft to America. There bain't no way o' tally-grafting at our post-office. Will ye write it for me?"

"To be sure," returned Miss Goobey, drawing a form towards her and taking up a pencil.

"It's to America," announced Solomon. "'Mrs. Elsworth, Oidsprings, near Buffalo City, U.S.A. Wife dead—arm broke—want housekeeper—come immediate. Bugg.'"

Mr. Bugg fired off each word as though it were a pistol-shot, with a frowning pause between; it was evident that the composition had cost him much effort, but had taken definite and immutable shape in his mind.

Miss Goobey duly wrote the message, making no comment thereon, but a loud "Bless me!" from the counter opposite denoted that Mrs. Courage was an interested listener, while Mrs. Fripp, who had come in to buy a packet of starch, dived under an intervening fitch to have a good stare at Solomon Bugg, who was an old acquaintance of hers.

"Be you a-goin' to trant over a woman all the way from America?" she enquired in surprise.

"Well, I can't get on no ways now," returned Bugg. "'Twas bad enough when my missus was took—a wold man, same as myself, wi' no children, and not so much as a sister to turn to; but now as my arm be broke 'tis worse nor ever—'tis past bearin'. 'Tis a 'ousekeeper what I do want—and Sally Elsworth 'ull do me very well. I've a-knowed her for years afore she went out abroad."

"Oh, an' did ye?" said little Miss Goobey with interest.

"Sally Elsworth! Let's see. She used to be Sally Barnes, didn't she?"

"That's her," agreed Mr. Bugg. "'E-es. Well, how much 'ull that be, Miss Goobey?"

Phoebe counted rapidly.

"Seven words for the address—then nine—it'll come to a lot, I'm afraid, Mr. Bugg—one pound twelve."

"What!" exclaimed Solomon, aghast.

"One pound twelve," repeated Miss Goobey. "'Tis two shillin' a word, you know, Mr. Bugg—it has to go by cable."

"One pound twelve!" repeated Solomon. "There, it do scarce seem worth while to spend all that money."

"A letter would only cost twopence-halfpenny," said Phoebe, making the suggestion somewhat regretfully, however.

"How long would a letter take to go out?" enquired Bugg.

"It depends on the mails," returned Miss Goobey, importantly, "and it depends on where your friend lives. Ten days or a fortnight, I should say."

"That won't do!" said Bugg, resolutely. "I couldn't wait so long as that."

"Perhaps ye needn't say so much," suggested Phoebe.

Taking up the document, she read it again: "'Wife dead'—need you say that, Mr. Bugg?"

"I d' 'low I'll have to say that," said Solomon; "she wouldn't come wi'out she were sure o' that—she never could a-bear Martha."

"Well, p'r'aps you needn't say about your arm," hinted Phoebe.

Mrs. Courage came out from behind the counter, and drew near, with a disapproving air.

"I'd ha' thought ye might ha' found somebody nearer home," she announced, for the second time.

Solomon reflected for a minute or two, his lower lip thrust out, his brows knit.

"I'll ha' to tell her about my arm," he said, at length; "else maybe she'd think there's no such great hurry. I can't get on wi' the milkin' nor nothin'. I do have to get a boy to drive when I do do a bit o' trantin'. She's bound to come to once if she's to be any good to I."

"'Wife—dead—arm—broke,'" recapitulated Phoebe. "'Want housekeeper'—need you say that? It 'ud be four shillin's off."

Mr. Bugg pursed up his lips and shook his head knowingly.

"I think I'll say that," he observed, after a pause, "I d' 'low I'd better say that. I don't want no mistakes made."

"Ye mean the 'ooman might fancy 'twas a offer you was makin' her?" said Mrs. Fripp, laughing. "She'd think you was wantin' to marry her, you reckon?"

Miss Goobey's pale face flushed, but no one saw it, and she cried hastily, "I really think any woman 'ud have more sense than that. Why, she hasn't seen Mr. Bugg for years and years. She wouldn't think he'd go and make her an offer all in a minute like that from the other side of the world."

"Best be on the safe side," said Solomon, firmly. "It 'ull be four shillin' well spent, though it be a lot o' money."

Mrs. Courage laughed, and tossed her head.

"It 'ull all come to the same thing in the end," she said. "You and Sally 'ull be fallin' over pulpit afore she've been a month in the place."

"I don't know about that," returned he, with a grin. "I'm not one as 'ud like to buy a pig in a poke. Well, Miss Goobey, that there tally-graft 'ull have to go just as it be, for I must have 'come immediate,' else she won't hurry."

Phoebe carried out his injunctions without further protest, and Mr. Bugg, with a sigh of relief, turned to leave the shop. He paused, however, before he reached the threshold, and came back a step or two.

"How long do ye think it'll be afore she comes?" he enquired.

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Goobey; "it all depends on where she lives, doesn't it?"

"Oidsprings," said Solomon, meditatively. "That do sound a old-fashioned sort o' place, don't it? 'Tis somewhere up the country she did say once when she did write home—a wild, outlandish place, most like."

"Well," cried Phoebe, she mightn't come the very minute she heard from you."



"Oh, she'll come so fast as she can," exclaimed Bugg. "How long do they ships take in comin'?"

"Ten days or a fortnight," Phœbe was beginning, when Mrs. Courage's louder and more emphatic voice bore her down:

"It'll be a month at the very least, Mr. Bugg, afore the 'ooman can get to 'ee. There's the journey out abroad to begin wi', an' then the ship, an' more travellin' to be done when she do get to England. No, ye can't look for her to be here afore a month, poor soul."

Solomon's face lengthened, and he turned away without uttering another word.

On the following Sunday little Miss Goobey decided to stroll in the direction of the hamlet where Mr. Bugg's home was situated. It was a mere cluster of houses, of which by far the most important was Solomon's own. This was a quaint thatched building standing back some little distance from the road, flanked by a good-sized barton and a line of well-kept sheds. Solomon, with a white "pinner" over his Sunday clothes, was engaged in planting out a number of small pansy roots. He looked up with a startled air as Miss Goobey accosted him, and hastily dropped the trowel with which he had been working.

"It don't seem quite right for Sunday, I know," he remarked, noting Phœbe's scandalised expression; "but there, d'ye see, 'tis terr'ble hard to find time for these 'ere little odd jobs when a body's disabled same as I be. It do take I twice so long to do the leastest bit o' work as it 'ud take anybody wi' two hands. I do want these 'ere to ha' took firm hold o' the ground afore Sally do come, d'ye see. They'm bound to be a bit droopy like at first. 'Tis to be hoped they'll pick up afore she comes; she be terr'ble fond o' flowers, Sally be."

"I'm sure 'tis very kind o' you to take so much thought for Mrs. Elsworth," returned Phœbe, still disapprovingly.

"She did ought to be comfortable," rejoined Solomon, reflectively. "Step inside, do, Miss Goobey, and see all what I've done."

He led the way into the house, pointing out with great pride various labours which he had considerably undertaken on Mrs. Elsworth's behalf.

"I did manage to put this 'ere trellis-work to rights, d'ye see, and trimmed honeysuckle proper—the rose tree 'ull ha' more room now. I d' 'low Sally 'ull like to sit in the porch of an evenin' arter her work's done. I done a bit of whitewashin' here in the kitchen myself—pretty good job that for a man what has but the one hand, bain't it? And I did paint thicky settle—'twill be nice for Sally to sit here of a cold day—the back and arms do keep off draught so nice; and here, look-see—"

He threw open the parlour door as he spoke, and turned his beaming countenance towards Phœbe.

"D'ye chance to notice what I've got here?"

Phœbe's eyes wandered round the room; the china on the mantel-shelf, the corner cupboard with its polished doors, the Kidderminster carpet, the horsehair sofa—these were familiar enough, and she was turning towards Mr. Bugg with a somewhat puzzled expression, when, with a triumphant flourish of his one available hand, he pointed out a brand-new rocking-chair which occupied a proud position in the centre of the hearthrug.

"I did buy that for her," exclaimed Mr. Bugg. "There, I minded how she once did write home as she was fair taken up wi' the 'Merican rocking-chairs, an' couldn't think how she ever done wi'out 'em over here; so I did think to myself 't 'ud be a nice surprise if I was to have one all ready."

"A very nice surprise indeed," replied Miss Goobey, with an unaccountable sinking of her lonely little heart. With a stifled sigh she turned to leave the room.

"You'll reckon she'll be pleased, don't ye?" enquired Mr. Bugg, somewhat crestfallen at her attitude. "You think she mid very well make herself happy?"

The disappointment in his tone touched Phœbe, and she faced him, speaking bravely, if with unconscious wistfulness.

"She ought to be happy, indeed," she replied; "she'll have a comfortable home and a kind master—maybe something different to a master," she added, with a wavering smile.

Solomon chuckled.

"Maybe so—maybe so," he cried; "but we'll not say nothin' about that yet—not just yet. 'Look before ye leap,' as the sayin' goes."

"Good-day," said Phœbe, crossing the kitchen.

"B de an' take a cup o' tea now ye be here," cried Solomon, struck by a sudden thought. "There, ye mid jest so well do it as not—there's lots o' time afore church, bain't there? I'll fill kettle in a minute."

"Let me do it," suggested Phœbe, eagerly. "I'll take off my cape and my gloves. I'd like to do it, really."

"Well, two hands are better nor one so well as two heads," returned Bugg, jovially. "'Tis a true sayin' that, both ways. I've a-been awful lonesome ever since my poor wold 'ooman was took."

Miss Goobey paused with the kettle in her hand, and heaved another sigh:

"I've been lonely all my life," she said.

Solomon eyed her compassionately, and searched his brains for some remark which should be at once consolatory and

cheering; but not finding any, he merely cleared his throat in an awkward sort of way, and little Miss Goobey hastened to the pump.

When she returned all sign of her previous emotion seemed to have vanished, and she went about her self-imposed tasks as gaily and deftly as anybody could wish.

"Now you sit down, Mr. Bugg, and let me manage. This is quite a little outing for me, you know, and I'm glad to help you. Here's the cloth—a nice clean one for Sunday—"

"'E-es, Susanna, the 'ooman what do come in of a mornin', left that ready," interpolated Solomon.

"And a nice fresh loaf," continued Phœbe—"a pat o' butter—a beautiful pat o' butter—Mr. Bugg. While kettle's boiling, would you like me to make you some buttered toast?"

"Ah, that I should, my dear," he returned, heartily. "There, 'tis a thing I be terr'ble fond of, but I haven't tasted it not since my poor missus went to the New House. She did use to make it for I once in a while for a treat."

"Well, I'll make it now," said Phœbe, kneeling down before the fire.

Solomon watched her while she toasted round after round of bread, her own face growing very red the while, and becoming ever more and more animated. When at last her preparations were concluded and they sat down to the table together, Solomon said within himself that she was as pleasant a little body as a man mid wish to see.

He was not very talkative by nature, and therefore his share in the ensuing conversation was chiefly confined to monosyllables; but he delivered himself of these with such a cheerful expression, nodded so knowingly, and smiled so broadly and frequently, that nobody could have deemed him a dull companion. Certainly not Phœbe Goobey. She, too, smiled and nodded, and made little darts at the buttered toast with bird-like briskness; and she chatted enough for two. She told Mr. Bugg "a-many things," as he subsequently reflected—how, so far from being a townswoman, as he had imagined, she was a farmer's daughter, and used in her young days to milk cows and cram chickens; how she knew all about churning and cheesemaking; how she even used to drive her father's market cart at busy times.

"Well now!" exclaimed Mr. Bugg, eyeing her in amazement. After a ruminating pause he continued: "Who'd ha' thought that?" and, at the end of an interval of further reflection, he cried with a jovial laugh: "Shouldn't wonder but what you could do a bit o' trantin' if you was put to it, even at this time o' day."

"What an idea!" exclaimed Phœbe, blushing.

Silence fell between them for a moment, and then she invited her host to partake of another cup of tea.

He pushed forward his cup, surveying her the while with an expression which puzzled her. The conversation languished, and Phœbe, putting a hand to her hot cheek, inwardly reproached herself for having talked too much.

When she rose to take her leave he accompanied her to the gate, but, instead of throwing it open for her, clutched it fast.

"I d' 'low you go out a-walkin' most Sundays," he remarked, tentatively.

Miss Goobey admitted that she did.

"Tell 'ee what then," cried Solomon; "ye mid jest so well as not walk out this way next Sunday. We mid have another tea-party."

Phœbe hesitated.

"Why not?" enquired Mr. Bugg, almost fiercely.

"Why not, indeed," returned Miss Goobey, hastily. "I dare say you'll have had news by that time, Mr. Bugg."

Solomon creaked the gate open very slowly, and stood aside to let her pass.

"Noos?" he queried.

"From Mrs. Elsworth, you know. You will probably get a letter from her next week."

"What for?" asked Mr. Bugg.

"Why, I suppose she'll write to say if she's coming or not."

"Oh, she'll come," said Solomon, in a tone of absolute conviction, yet without any great elation of manner; "she'll come fast enough; she'll not need to write."

But when, on the following Sunday, little Miss Goobey arrived at his gate, she found Solomon Bugg awaiting her with a letter in his hand.

"Come your ways in, my dear," he cried; "come in. I've summat to show 'ee."

Phœbe stepped across the threshold, and stood by the hearth, palpitating, for Mr. Bugg's expression was portentous.

"If you've no objections, Miss Goobey," said Solomon, "I'd be obliged if ye'd step into the parlour."

Phœbe obediently stepped in, and Mr. Bugg, after ceremoniously closing the door, drew forward the new rocking-chair.

"Take a seat, Miss Goobey," he commanded.

Phœbe looked up protestingly, and Solomon pushed the chair a little nearer to her, pointing to it with so threatening an air that she sank down on it without another word.

"I'd be obliged," pursued Mr. Bugg, with the same stern solemnity of tone which had been noticeable throughout, "I'd be obliged if ye'd kindly cast an eye over this 'ere."

Taking the letter from its envelope, he spread it out on Phœbe's knees, and she managed with some difficulty to decipher its contents. It was a lengthy and diffuse document from Mrs. Elsworth, conveying her alarm and surprise at the suddenness of Mr. Bugg's summons, and displaying a somewhat indelicate anxiety that he should state his intentions more fully. Mrs. Elsworth was very comfortable where she was, she remarked, and before she gave up her home and sold her furniture she would like to know exactly what she was to expect in the future. She hinted further that it must be made worth her while in one way or another to come so far, and announced that she could in no case undertake the journey unless all expenses were defrayed.

Phœbe looked up diffidently, as she restored the letter to its envelope, and did not venture to hazard an opinion.

"What d'ye think o' that?" enquired Solomon, after an expectant pause.

"Well, I—it—it seems rather strange," said Phœbe, faintly.

"Strange!" shouted Solomon, thumping the table. "It's a dalled impident letter—that's what 'tis. The 'ooman bain't what I did think her."

"I suppose not," commented Miss Goobey, hesitatingly.

"I'm sure not!" shouted Mr. Bugg. "Why, she's as good as asked me to marry her. 'Tis what she be a-aimin' at—'tis there plain to be seen. That bain't a very nice thing for a respectable 'ooman to do."

"Well, it isn't," Phœbe conceded; "still, of course—she's comfortable where she is, she says—"

"Well, she may stay where she be for me!" retorted Solomon, warmly. "Pretty cool I do call it. There, I haven't seed her for nigh upon fifteen year—I shouldn't know her again, very like. I bain't a-goin' to promise myself to any 'ooman till I've a notion what she do look like."

"Well, that's reasonable," Miss Goobey admitted.

"An' axin' me for her passage-money, too," continued Solomon. "Pretty good cheek, that is. Why, if she sold her few traps she'd ha' plenty o' dubs. I was offerin' her a good home and every comfort—that did ought to satisfy any 'ooman as wasn't altogether covetous—but I can see she's one as wants everything for herself. She do never give a thought to I. There, she mid ha' knowed I must be at a ter'ble loss when I went to the expense o' sendin' her a tallygraft all across the sea. Why, if I was to bide till I wrote out to her again, and she waited to sell her things, I d' 'low my arm 'ull be well again and I could do wi'out her."

"Very likely," agreed Phœbe. "Still," she went on after a pause, "I fancy when winter came on you'd find yourself very lonely without another person in the house."

Mr. Bugg's face relaxed.

"I d' 'low I would," he said. "I reckon to have somebody else here by that time, but I'll not need to trant her all the way over from America."

He sat suddenly down on a corner of the horse-hair-covered sofa.

"Do ye know why I axed ye to sit in that chair, my dear?" he enquired, bending forward with a delighted smile.

As Miss Goobey did not answer, he continued triumphantly: "'Tis because I've a-made up my mind for to ax ye to come to this 'ere house as Missus."

"Oh, Mr. Bugg!" gasped Phœbe.

"Ye'd like it, wouldn't ye?" said Solomon. "Well, an' so would I. I've a-been a-thinkin' this week back as I've made a mistake in wantin' Sally to come over—there, 'twili save a deal o' trouble and expense, an' I d' 'low I'll make 'ee a good husband, my dear."

"I'm sure you will," said Phœbe, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"I did always like ye," pursued Solomon, who had become unwontedly garrulous, "but the notion never come to me till last Sunday, when you was a-talkin' about bein' able to milk an' that, an' when you was a-tellin' me how lonesome ye did feel yourself, then I says to myself, 'Well, Solomon

Bugg, you be a fool. There you mid both ha' made both yourself and her so happy as could be wi'out no trouble at all, if ye had but thought on 't.' But we'll make ourselves happy now, won't us?"

Phœbe nodded, and, leaning forward, he took her little hand in his and shook it warmly.

"Well, now," he resumed, after a pause; "the first thing I do want ye to do for me is to let Sally Elsworth know I've a-changed my mind."

"Oh!" exclaimed Phœbe.

"E'es," cried Solomon, firmly; "it'll not take ye long, my dear, for 'tis but a few words I do want ye to say—Mrs. Elsworth, Oldsprings, near Buffalo City, U.S.A. You need not come. Bugg."

"Do you mean me to send a cable to-morrow?" enquired Phœbe, bewildered.

"Meanin' a tallygraft?" said Solomon. "Nothin' o' the kind, my dear. I bain't a-goin' to waste no more money on she. A post-card 'ull do."

## HACKNEY PHOTO-GRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

ANNUALLY towards the close of the year, and after the two great London photographic exhibitions are closed, the Hackney Photographic Society holds its exhibition; and it is worthy of note that the show this year is, perhaps, more than any of its predecessors, thoroughly representative of the best work which is being done by the more accomplished and experienced amongst amateurs. The more eccentric flights of the most daring are not much in evidence,



H. W. Lane.

SHOEING.

Copyright.





H. Bairstow.

HAULING IN THE NETS.

Copyright.

and the commonplace is equally rare; but supremely fine photography, practised with as much recognition of acknowledged rules of composition as circumstances and judgment will admit of, is exemplified again and again. Indeed, the work of some of the members seems to have progressed as far as photography can go, unless largely influenced by outside forces. The mere technique of photography is not difficult to learn, and the innate artistic feeling of a few has enabled them to produce results which constitute the academic standard, which by diligence and natural skill has been equalled and even surpassed by such workers in the Hackney Society as Messrs. Hensler, Selfe, Lane, etc. But if further progress is to be made, it seems that these gentlemen will have to seek such influences as may cultivate their perceptions and quicken their imagination; and, becoming tired of and impatient with strictly orthodox good photography, dare the less conventional, even at the risk of failure and a certainty of, at first at least, failing to find appreciation. To a

great extent it is to the possibility of less restricted expression which such a process as gum bichromate has made possible that the great forward movement in pictorial photography is due, as well as the more liberal recognition accorded to it amongst those whose encouragement is most valuable.

It is not to be inferred from this that the writer considers gum bichromate the only printing process for the artistic worker—far from it; but it has taught us all to break away from the traditional, and accustomed us to the so-called unphotographic. Gum broke down the barriers, and the welcome freedom which was thus pointed out was immediately sought by the votaries of other processes. The photographer is apt to handicap himself by indulging in admiration of his own perfect handicraft, and, glorying in a fine photographic print, fails to produce what might have been a better picture, even if less technically perfect. More real advance is, perhaps, noticeable in the selection of subject, and the exhibition in question leaves a very vivid impression of



H. Hood.

HAULING THE BOATS AT STAITHES.

Copyright.

the still-unexhausted possibilities of portraying workmen at their work. The industries of country as well as of cities have, for the most part and at first thought, little that is not sordid and repellent; yet it cannot be denied that Mr. H. W. Lane's commanding picture, entitled "Shoeing," is not only the finest picture in the whole room, but one of the most beautiful works we have seen. In it two men are employed in shoeing one horse, whilst his comrade of the trace and shaft stands awaiting his turn. The figures are happily grouped, the whole is of harmonious tone, and the wreaths of steam rising from the hot metal lend a certain mystery and softness, besides serving as a separation of the planes. Not only is the work technically fine, but the subject has been cleverly seen, and just the right moment seized for securing it. Nevertheless, one cannot but feel that it is a finely-rendered record of an incident rather than an artistic creation. Even the æsthetic charm of its harmonious light and shade and well-focussed interest are rather due to fortuitous conditions cunningly made use of.

It will be hardly necessary to remind anyone of the many picturesque groupings and arrangements which attend the fisher-folk at their toil, whether it be as shown in Mr. H. Bairstow's "Hauling in the Nets" or Mr. Harold Hood's "Hauling the Boats at Staithes." Then, too, there are a thousand incidents attendant on various forms of agricultural labour. Practically all the occupations of the fields lend themselves to picture-making, but care must always be taken that in seizing on a particular attitude, or some composition of the figures or animals, the background and landscape surroundings are not only appropriate,

but combine to constitute a decorative unity. Probably because of the pleasant effect of smoke and steam, and the aptitude of photography to render these things satisfactorily, such scenes as the burning of weeds or rubbish in the fields are always popular with the amateur photographer. "Burning Refuse," by Mr. S. C.



W. Selfe.

FROZEN ROADWAY.

Copyright.

Steane, and "Weed Burning," by Mr. W. A. J. Hensler, are two typical examples.

Latterly, there have not been wanting striking examples of the picturesqueness of our grimmest canals and city rivers; in dockyard and wharf, amidst the foul reek of a Lancashire manu-

facturing town, again and again the keen perception for effect has seized upon some chance lighting, some arrangement of light and shade, of which the figures and the buildings have been the vehicles. For this class of work it follows that the hand-camera is likely to be the most useful, and for most photographers it will be best to rely upon the one lucky negative out of a dozen trials, in which the figures are quite oblivious of the photographer's presence, than to attempt the more difficult task of deliberately posing the workers in predetermined attitudes and then making a deliberate exposure. This course would involve a close intimacy on the part of the photographer with the labour in hand—for in the attitudes there must always be a convincing reality, which would be very difficult without practical experience. Moreover, the rustic, no less than the town mechanic, is almost hopeless as a model when made self-conscious. With a small hand-camera, then, much can be done. Let the best of a series be selected, and then an enlargement made, say half the size it is intended to ultimately make the final picture. If this intermediate enlargement be a negative on glass, corrections can be made, obtrusive high



S. C. Steane.

BURNING REFUSE.

Copyright.



lights suppressed, and over-dark spots lightened. For this purpose, what is known as whole plate, or  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in., is perhaps most suitable, as then, provided we have access to a daylight enlarging apparatus, it is not an inconvenient size to enlarge from.

With the commencement of the new year, the amateur photographer, who is ever apt to be somewhat discursive in his work, and too little inclined to specialise, would do well to set himself the task of systematically portraying in a picturesque manner various phases of industrial labour, particularly those which are likely to undergo an immediate change due to the substitution of machinery for manual labour. The traction-engine and motor are already replacing the horse at the plough, and in a few remaining places only are bullocks still employed



J. T. French.

THE END OF THE LOCH.

Copyright.

for the purpose. Rarely, indeed, do we find the flail used for threshing grain; the scythe and the sickle, too, are becoming obsolete. Then, in the less salubrious surroundings of cities the very smoke and gloom contribute largely to the pictorial qualities, and the picture if successful will perpetuate the fine grouping and play of light without reproducing any of those contingent circumstances which offend the senses.

Amongst other pictures in the Hackney Exhibition which deserve particular

mention are Mr. Selfe's "Frozen Roadway," and the same gentleman's "Fog on the River," in which a barge looms mysteriously out of the veiling whiteness. Mr. Hensler gives us vivid impressions of the gorse-covered common. Of a widely different character is Mr. W. H. Fowke's "Shades of



A. Marshall.

THE STUDENT.

Copyright.

Evening," in which complete diffusion of focus has been cleverly used to enhance the evening effect. Excellent work, too, is seen in Mr. J. T. French's "The End of the Loch," and Mr. W. Rawlings maintains his position amongst the most prolific and successful picture-makers by a fine series of prints, of which,

perhaps, "November Mists" and "In a Birch Wood" are his best.

The society, and especially those who have worked so earnestly to make the exhibition a success, are to be congratulated on the result.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.

## COVERT-SHOOTING AT BOCONNOC.

SO very different is pheasant-shooting in the wilder and more broken parts of Wales and the West Country from pheasant-shooting in the flat coverts of East Anglia and other level shires of England, that, except so far as it consists in killing the same kind of bird with the same kind of weapon, the sport is hardly the same at all. The finest features of this really fine sport of pheasant-shooting in these regions of diversified hill and valley are shown in the covert-shooting at Mr. J. B. Fortescue's place, Boconnoc, near Lostwithiel. Lostwithiel itself is a little Cornish township lying in a valley a few miles from the better-known Fowey, and from Boconnoc to Lostwithiel the distance is four miles, with a steady rise virtually all the way up to the



W. A. Rouch.

THE SHOOTING PARTY.

Copyright.

house, with the church beside it, lies in a very picturesque park, containing a fine herd of deer. The coverts here and there



W. A. Rouch.

BOCONNOC HOUSE AND CHURCH.

Copyright.

house, which is beautifully situated on high ground, overlooking a lovely stretch of wooded hill and valley. The

hang on very steeply-undulating ground, and it is in some places possible, by driving the birds out over the valleys and putting the guns, more or less, in the depths of the valleys, to give almost any height of shot that is desired.

The chief of the shooting on November 22nd when the photographs were taken, of which reproductions are here shown, was from and in Paradise Wood and Druid's Hill Wood. It was a lovely day, a fine, sunny morning following a hoar frost, which is not very usual so early in the year in that soft Western climate. In the shade the white sprinkling remained all day, and is seen in some of the illustrations. A good deal of the shooting was in covert, and did not lend itself very kindly to the photography of the birds, as they were among the trees. In the picture of Major St. Aubyn shooting a woodcock, the bird



W. A. Rouch.

FAST-CROSSING BIRDS.

Copyright.





W. A. Rouch.

## WALKING THE MOOR FOR WOODCOCK AND SNIPE.

Copyright

is not within the camera's field of view, but it fell dead almost on the camera itself. One of the finest stands of the day, however, was in Valley Crusis, as it is called, birds being driven over the valley from Paradise Wood, some of the guns standing



W. A. Rouch. ON THE SIDE OF THE HILL. Copyright.

on the hillside, and others backing them up down in the hollow of the valley.

Quite lately there has been a discussion in one of the magazines as to the most difficult bird to shoot, and the most difficult shot that it can give; and, with practically no exception, a dozen or so of the best shots in England have given their opinion that the pheasant coming down hill, with outspread motionless wings, is the most difficult of all, especially if, besides the downward movement, he has an outside edge curve on him away from the shooter. This is a kind of shot that you may go through a whole day of pheasant-shooting and never see once in a flat country; but it is the kind of shot that offers itself again and again in a day among the hills and valleys and hanging coverts of such a land as this, and especially at such a place as the stand in Valley Crusis for the birds from Paradise Wood. A further point, in considering the difficulty of this shooting, is that the side of a fairly precipitous hill does not provide the most firm and comfortable foothold in the world; it does not give the most favourable position in which to swing round fast on a bird;

and the heedless gunner, executing this manœuvre with more haste than discretion, is sometimes known to perform the unrehearsed feat of "taking a heavy toss," and rolling a yard or two down hill before recovering himself. The incident is humorous, from the point of view of everyone except the unwilling acrobat, always provided that his gun does not go off as he falls, with its dangerous end dangerously pointed, for of that there is always risk. On some steep hillsides it is the custom to cut out a level stand for the gun, to obviate the chance of this upset.

The first two stands on this day at Boconnoc were in what is called Switch Cross Square, while the birds were being worked forward into Paradise Wood for the big drive over the valley. The Iron Mine Plantation was also driven into the Druid's Hill Wood. Just before luncheon there was a very pretty corner, and it is here that Major St. Aubyn is seen shooting the unseen woodcock which nearly wrecked the camera in its fall. The birds here were driven across the road from the plantation into the big wood, and gave some very nice shots. Afterwards a large stretch of moor was walked in for



W. A. Rouch.

## "COCK OVER!"

Copyright.

woodcock and snipe, but the majority of the woodcock were shot in covert.

All this West Country is a fine harbour for woodcock. It is curious that none of the best guns, discussing the most difficult shot, chose the woodcock. It is true that four woodcock out of five are the most simple birds to shoot you can well have; but the fifth goes home laughing at you, and you feel that he would always have the laugh of you, no matter how often you shot at him. If you have a woodcock scudding down hill, among tree stems, in and out of the stems like a corkscrew, the best shot in the world cannot kill him except by a pure accident. This, however, is of course the unusual woodcock—the downward-curving pheasant is missed far more often, because so far more often fired at. But both for pheasants and for woodcock these hanging coverts on the steep coombe-sides are the places to show off their power of elusive flight.

It is really a beautiful pheasant country, and the native owners fully recognise it. Lord Vivian's estate of Glyn lies adjacent to Boconnoc, and Mr. Walter Vivian also has a fine shoot only about a mile from Lostwithiel. The natural opportunities which the country gives for showing pheasants well are not neglected. On the other hand, it is very poor partridge country, for it has not any of the light soil that these birds like, and is rather damp in climate for them; but lately such advance has been made in getting up a good partridge stock on heavy lands, that perhaps even here a good deal might be done. At best, however, it can never be much of a country for driving, which is one of the best agents in improving a partridge stock, for it is too much broken up into small fields and hills, valleys and woods. There are hardly any hares at Boconnoc, and the rabbits seem to be few. Pigeons, with the woodcock, helped to vary the bag of pheasants; but in a land where pheasants themselves give such a variety of shots, there is the less need of other birds.

The estate consists of some 8,000 acres, divided into seven beats, under the command of nine keepers, and from 4,000 to 5,000 birds are reared. The number annually killed does not greatly exceed the number reared. On the three days' shooting, from one of which the illustrations are taken, the bag was just 1,500 pheasants. As a rule, the annual bag of woodcock is about 120, though over 200 have been shot in exceptional seasons.

Besides the photographs already noticed, there are others of which reproductions are given, and which for the most part explain themselves sufficiently. Some of them show the hillside on which the guns were placed for the stand out of Paradise Wood, and so on. The guns, as shown in the picture



W. A. Rouch.

OUT OF PARADISE WOOD.

Copyright.

of the house-party, were Mr. J. B. Fortescue, the host, Sir Thomas Pilkington, Colonel Vesey Dawson, Major St. Aubyn, Mr. F. Cavendish-Bentinck, Major Beaumont, and Mr. F. Hartmann.

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S PASTIMES.

IF there is any secret in the vigour displayed by Mr. Roosevelt as President of the United States, it no doubt arises from his addiction to outdoor pastimes. He leads at least two very different lives. In one, he is a statesman and ruler of the most unconventional type, who, by his contempt for red tape and traditional methods of diplomacy, has been enabled to achieve results that other men in his position would have despaired of. No doubt this mental quality is largely due to habits engendered in the woods and on the plains of America when he has temporarily deserted civilisation and roughed it as a very cowboy. He himself traces it to the habit of camping out and living the life of the woods—"the education of the faculties which teach observation, resourcefulness, self-reliance." There is, therefore, more than a sporting interest in his new book, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter" (Longmans).

In an affectionate dedication to John Burroughs, whom he addresses as "dear Oom John," he describes it as part of an author's duty either to write confessed fiction or to describe

accurately what he has seen, and his pages bear evidence that he has transcribed the events of his hunting days truthfully no less than vividly. Here is exemplified the power of lively narration, a general healthy spirit, and a humorous enjoyment of life under the open sky, where the wind blows and the rain falls down. The majority of sportsmen will, we fancy, while liking the whole of the book, like best those chapters in which dogs figure conspicuously. The first of these is entitled "With the Cougar Hounds." It is the record of a five weeks' hunt for a meeker in North-West Colorado. The cougar, it may be useful to explain, is the panther, or painter of the Eastern States, and the lion of the Spanish-speaking people and inhabitants of the Western States. In South America it is called the puma. The animal is hunted with two kinds of dogs—hounds that follow his trail, and fighting dogs that attack and hold him when at bay. We cannot better illustrate the character



W. A. Rouch.

BETWEEN TWO SPINNIES.

Copyright.



of the sport than by quoting from the account of an unusual ending:

"In this run, a pair of cougars had gone three miles before the dogs overtook them, making their way along such difficult cliffs, that the pack had to keep going round. Eventually, the female took to a tree, while the pack went after the male, who was brought to bay on the edge of a cliff. Mr. Roosevelt managed to get a shot, but the cougar was only wounded, and ran along a ledge, and disappeared round the cliff shoulder. The conduct of the dogs, however, showed he had not gone far. The cliff was about a hundred feet high and the top overhung the bottom, while from above the ground sloped down to the brink at a rather steep angle, so that we had to be cautious about our footing. There was a large projecting rock on the brink; to this I clambered down, and, holding it with one hand, peeped over the edge. After a minute or two, I made out first the tail, and then the head of the cougar, who was lying on a narrow ledge only some ten feet below me, his body hidden by the overhang of the cliff. Thanks to the steepness of the incline, I could not let go of the rock with my left hand, because I should have rolled over; so I got Goff to come down, brace his feet against the projection, and grasp me by my legs. He then lowered me gently down, until my head and shoulders were over the edge and my arms free, and I shot the cougar right between the ears, he being in a straight line underneath me. The dogs were evidently confident that he was going to be shot, for they had all gathered below the cliff to wait for him to fall; and sure enough, down he came with a crash, luckily not hitting any of them. We could hear them seize him, and they all, dead cougar and worrying dogs, rolled at least a hundred yards down the steep slope before they stopped by a gully. It was an interesting experience, and one I shall not soon forget."

Equally entertaining are the chapters on a Colorado bear-hunt, and wolf-coursing, from which we would like to quote if we had space; but it may be more interesting to give an example that could only be fitly compared with one of Mr. Buxton's "Short Stalks":

"Probably every hunter remembers with pride some particular stalk. I recall now, outwitting a big buck, which I had seen and failed to get on two successive days. He was hanging about a knot of hills with brush on their shoulders, and was not only very watchful, but when he lay down, always made his bed at the lower end of a brush patch,

While I was out of sight, he had, for some reason, made up his mind to hurry, and when I was still fifty yards away from the spur, he came in sight just beyond it, passing at a swinging trot. I dropped on one knee so quickly that for a moment he evidently could not tell what I was—my buckskin shirt and gray slouch hat fading into the colour of the background—and halted, looking sharply around. Before he could break into flight, my bullet went through his shoulders."

Mr. Roosevelt's trophies recorded in this book comprise buck, mountain sheep, the whitetail deer, the mule-deer, and the wapiti. Lovers of big-game shooting will not find a single page uninteresting, and if we mistake not, they will highly appreciate the spirit in which the book is written. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has entirely overcome that ambition to make big bags and carry home the trophies which is the prerogative of youth. In a notable passage, he tells us that with the advance of years he finds that the love of observation becomes more intense, and a taste for slaughter diminishes. Most of us, as we grow older, grow to care relatively less for sport than for the splendid freedom and abounding health of outdoor life in the woods, on the plains, and among the great mountains; and to the true Nature-lover it is melancholy to see the wilderness stripped of the wild creatures which gave it no small part of its peculiar charm. It is inevitable, and probably necessary, that the wolf and the cougar should go; but the bighorn and white goat among the rocks, the blacktail and wapiti grouped on the mountain-side, the whitetail and moose feeding in the sedgy ponds—these add beyond measure to the wilderness landscape, and if they are taken away, they leave a lack which nothing else can quite make good.

## FOR'ARD ON!

John Jackson, formerly huntsman to the Holcombe Harriers, fell dead in the hunting-field on Saturday, November 25th. A few minutes before his death he had been calling to the pack "For'ard on!"



whence he could see into the valley below, while it was impossible to approach him from above through the brush without giving the alarm. On the third day, I saw him early in the morning, while he was feeding. He was very watchful, and I made no attempt to get near him, simply peeping at him until he finally went into a patch of thin brush and lay down. As I knew what he was, I could distinctly make him out. If I had not seen him go in, I certainly never would have imagined that he was a deer, even had my eyes been able to pick him out at all among the gray shadows and small dead tree tops. Having waited till he was well settled down, I made a very long turn, and came up behind him, only to find that the direction of the wind and the slope of the hill rendered it an absolute impossibility to approach him unperceived. After careful study of the ground, I abandoned the effort, and returned to my former position, having spent several hours of considerable labour in vain. It was now about noon, and I thought I would be still to see what he would do when he got up, and accordingly I ate my lunch stretched at full length in the long grass which sheltered me from the wind. From time to time, I peered cautiously between two stones toward where the buck lay. It was nearly mid-afternoon before the buck moved. Sometimes mule-deer rise with a single motion, all four legs unbending like springs, so that the four hoofs touch the ground at once. This old buck, however, got up very slowly, looked about for certainly five minutes, and then came directly towards me. When he had nearly reached the bottom of the valley, between us, he turned to the right, and sauntered rapidly down it.

I stepped back, and trotted as fast as I could without losing my breath, along the hither side of the spur which lay between me and the buck.

Now the last meet is over, the last hunt is done,  
And the last farewell spoken at set of the sun,  
And the ghost of a voice in the waft of a cry,  
Seems to ring far away 'twixt the fields and the sky:  
"For'ard on!"

Hey Bugler, hey Bever, and hounds one and all,  
Who sped at his bidding and came to his call,  
Never more shall you hark to the voice you knew well  
When he cheered on the pack, e'en the hour that he fell—  
"For'ard on!"

O well for the huntsman, the cheery, the true—  
At the close of the day in the good fields he knew,  
Even so, not a doubt, he'd have chosen to die,  
Within sight of the hounds, to the sound of the cry:  
"For'ard on!"

In the wind and the rain, ere you leave him to rest,  
Once again sound the horn in the call he loved best—  
From the days that are over, the good years gone by,  
Half fancy there answers the ghost of a cry:  
"For'ard on!"

C. FOX SMITH.

## THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S JERSEYS.



Copyright..

A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

IN the annual issued by the *Livestock Journal* for 1906, Mr. Wheatman, reviewing the history of the Jersey breed of cattle for the present year, says that Denmark has been the greatest purchaser during this period, some 700 head having been shipped to that country; and he expresses the belief that this fact will improve the quality of the butter that we get from the Danes. At the same time, it is to be regretted, on the part of the dairy-farmers, that the price of butter has been so low during the past year; and this has adversely affected the produce of the Jersey herd. It has come out more and more prominently here that, for the best class of Jersey butter, there is always a good demand at a higher price than that which is given for the produce of other herds. These considerations lend an interest to the illustrations of the Duke of Northumberland's herds which we are publishing to-day. They are from His Grace's estate at Albury, a little hamlet near St. Martha's Hill in Surrey, which was named West Street on the old rin. ordnance map. The valley is noted for its beautiful stream, called the Mole, which figures conspicuously in literature.

In a gossiping mood there might be much to say about the bye-paths of agriculture in the olden time. Large fairs were held, in the days of the pilgrimage, on the hill, and the visitors in those days used to leave Guildford by the footpath to Pewley Hill, and so across the fields to Half-Penny Copse. The hill used to be famous for at least

one agricultural product that is not so much valued now as it was in the old days; we refer to the large white edible snail, *Helix pomatia*, of which we published a photograph about a year ago in our pages—one, too, that had been taken not far from Albury. Generally its introduction is ascribed to the Romans; but Major-General E. R. James, in his book, "Three Surrey Churches," says: "This very variety of snail having been during the last few years employed by the gastronomers of Paris as a substitute for the oyster, the supply of which it was feared was failing, and it being abundant in the North of France, it would not be unreasonable to speculate on the probability of its presence on Albury Downs being one more relic left by the Norman travellers of their pilgrimage to Canterbury."

The Pilgrim's Way goes right through the estate, and there are some very celebrated old yew trees there. Indeed, all the timber is very fine, especially the oaks, chestnuts, and some gigantic elms in the park. The land in the valley is of medium

soil, and on the north side runs the Chalk Downs; then there is the Silent Pool, which inspired the muse of Martin Tupper. The Duke of Northumberland's herd of Jerseys was founded about twenty-six years ago, when a couple of heifers and a young bull named Young Prince were purchased from Mr. Flower of Southampton. From this foundation a handsome and valuable stock has been raised. Marquis, a well-known son of Young Prince, was sold to Mr. E. Douglas of Lowbrook, who is well



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ZARA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



known as a brilliant painter of cattle, his pictures of Jerseys being particularly fine. For two years in succession Marquis took the first prize in his class at the Guildford County Show, receiving two silver cups. After that, he was sold to the late Mr. Portal of Hampshire, for a good price. Strawberry Girl was purchased from Mr. Douglas, and produced a beautiful heifer calf by Young Prince. This calf, along with another excellent specimen, took the first prize at the County Show for the best pair of heifers. They were sold at the age of sixteen months to the Rev. Mr. Faithful of Storington, Sussex, for 100 guineas. In the process of building up the herd, several bulls were at different times purchased from Mr. Cornish of Thornford, Sherborne, Dorset. One of these, named Wiseman, took the first prize at the Royal Counties Show at Redhill. He was in every respect a perfect specimen of his breed, and possessed what is very seldom seen in such an animal—an escutcheon. Those of our readers who know the admirable book published by Mr. A. Matthews will not need to be told what significance is attached to an escutcheon with a cow, but to have one in the case of a bull was somewhat rare. The next bull of importance



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ALBURY PRINCE.

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typical Jersey. He also was bought from Mr. Cornish, who is a well-known breeder and a fine judge of Jerseys, as was



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THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the history of the herd was Chestnut Boy, a good all-round bull, who possessed to a high degree the best attributes of a

proved by the success which attended him in the show-yard. This bull Chestnut Boy has a long list of honours to his credit, among which were a first at the Bath and West of England Show, a second at the Royal Counties, and a first at Tunbridge Wells. These were all in the same year, and at the last-mentioned exhibition Chestnut Boy won against a fine bull, belonging to Mr. Corbett, who had been carrying all before him at the large shows. Baron Albury, the progenitor of some first-class stock, was another bull from Mr. Corbett's herd; he was the sire of a calf that took first prize at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Since then the young bulls have been obtained mostly from the island, and in this way the standard of the herd has been kept up to a very high pitch.

Two of the best cows in the herd at present are Bayleaf and Zara. Bayleaf is a good specimen of the English-bred Jersey, which is descended from a fine old cow shown in one of our pictures, now thirteen years old. The name of this dam was Beeswing, and she was bought in the last sale but one from Mr. Cornish of Thornford. Although now in her thirteenth year, she still retains something of the bloom of youth about her. Zara was obtained



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MALONEY'S GOLDEN JOLLY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from Mr. Alexander of Jersey, and has turned out to be one of the best. She has never been exhibited, but her milk record is an excellent one; as a two year old heifer she gave fourteen quarts of milk. There is also a two year old heifer, Cream, from Parma Violet out of Palermo II. She is very rich in milk, and gives every promise of maintaining the reputation of her progenitors. She has a pretty heifer calf that also promises to do well. The bull kept for stock-rearing purposes at the present time is Maloney's Golden Jolly, an excellent type of bull, with good outline and fine head, and—what is of great consequence in a Jersey bull—his pedigree is about as pure as it is possible to procure.

## THE YEAR'S FLOWERS.

THE horticultural year practically closed with the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society and Colonial Fruit Show on Wednesday last, when the spacious new hall opened by His Majesty the King last year was filled with interesting exhibits. In reviewing the new plants and fruits of 1905, one point in particular will be noticed—the remarkable popularity of the sweet peas, and the numerous novelties among both this flower and the rose.

The great exhibitions have been as well supported as, if not more so than, in past years, and the famous show in the Temple Gardens was, perhaps, one of the finest ever held, the groups being more artistically arranged, and novelties more plentiful. The rosarian will remember with pleasure the beautiful show of the National Rose Society in the Botanic Gardens at Regent's Park. There was a distinct breakaway from the traditions of the past, and the graceful festoons of flowers made an hour's stay in the well-ventilated tents a positive pleasure.

We seek first, perhaps, the novelties, and several exquisite roses have been raised to embellish the English garden. There is the warm crimson Dandy, which will scent the summer wind with its fragrance, the deep crimson red J. B. Clarke, the flowery Lady Gay, and the rosy pink David Harum. These are all dwarf-roses, except Lady Gay, which is a counter-



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

"THE REPOSE THAT STAMPS THE CASTE."



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THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S JERSEY: CREAM.

"C.L."

part of Dorothy Perkins, a wild luxuriant rose for pergola and arch. Great popularity may be predicted for the Philadelphia Rambler, which is even brighter and freer than the Crimson Rambler, and a rose to buy.

The carnation grows in favour, and only the other day we were speaking to a well-known authority, who urged the holding of a show of winter-flowering varieties, if only to relieve the surfeit of chrysanthemums which is characteristic of the autumn and early winter. A show of winter-flowering varieties would create much interest, and prove well worth visiting. The majority of the varieties grown in England have been raised in America, where the carnation is grown by the million. Flowers of beautiful colourings, poised on long, graceful stems, distinguish the latter-day varieties, and a display of the modern acquisitions would attract a crowd of visitors. Those in search of new sweet peas must not forget the brilliant novelties represented by Edith Byatt and Henry Eckford, the last-mentioned having been raised by the great firm of Eckford, which leads the way in all things appertaining to this delightful flower. The colouring of these two varieties is very distinct, orange and salmon and scarlet mingling

together, and creating a brilliant patch in the garden.

Of the annual flowers—which are so called because the seed sown in spring will produce plants to bloom the same year—the *Nigella* Miss Jekyll is the most noteworthy. It is a very fine variety of the pretty *Love-in-a-Mist* or *Devil-in-the-Bush*, the dainty little mass of blue petals in their feathery nest of foliage. The flower named after Miss Jekyll was raised in her beautiful home at Munstead through a process of selection until a finer form in colouring and shape was obtained. A large flower-bed of this is as blue as a summer sky, and remains in beauty for many weeks, when the big brown seed-pods add another note of colour.

It is remarkable that the stream of new orchids seems to grow wider and wider; and how great a change has come to pass! A generation ago the plants were imported, that is, collected from the jungles and mountains of the tropics; but the hybridiser is responsible for the flood of novelties which appear each year in England. The hybridiser crosses and intercrosses species with species, and gains flowers of great diversity of colours. The flowers that have been shown this year before the Royal Horticultural Society will be the garden flowers of the future.



Perhaps the most noteworthy of the exhibits brought before the notice of the Horticultural Society have been the trees and shrubs and hardy plants brought home by Mr. E. H. Wilson, who traversed the wilds of Western China in search of novelties for the firm of Messrs. James Veitch and Son. The vines alone are worth a visit to the beautiful Coombe Wood nursery, and will be probably as much grown by future generations as the gorgeous climbers are to-day. The most-talked-of plant shown this year has been *Meconopsis integrifolia*, a huge yellow poppy-like flower of exquisite clearness

of colouring. In these days of comfortable travelling we are apt to assume that little more remains to explore of the earth's surface; but it is clearly evident from the plants imported by Messrs. Veitch, that in China alone there is practically an inexhaustible field, while, thanks to the lofty elevation at which most of the treasures are found, they are, as a rule, perfectly hardy, and thus admirably adapted for general culture and enjoyment, instead of being confined to the hothouses of the wealthy. The name of Wilson will go down to posterity as an intrepid and successful explorer in the field of science.

## NOWHERE AND ONWARD.

Nor this, nor that, Sweet, better still!  
When love or friendship have their will,  
Nothing is then than nothing better.  
Is time ours only to waste or kill?

An hour enjoyed is never lost;  
Sages for less wide seas have crossed!  
One day replete with satisfaction;  
Old kings would prize at a great war's cost!

There is no reason we should write,  
Or read, or speak, or sing, to-night;  
The sky is full of stars and beauty,  
Our souls may thitherward take their flight.

Birds, both when cleaving night and day,  
Flit one before, one after, they  
Straggle, form clots, or clouds, but never  
Keep pace when flying; be that our way.

Come mount abreast; there is one hour  
Which lends four wings of equal power;  
When love is safe or friendship rooted,  
Two on those pinions have leave to tower—

Up side by side, up into air  
Pure, tranquil, luminous, living, fair,  
They breast its stillness and on, and ever  
Dip at a moment and rise a pair.

No whither such sweet journeys tend,  
Need never haste and have no end,  
Are perfected still pressing onward,  
And twin souls only on such can wend.

No one alone, nor three, nor four,  
Nor any counted number more,  
Can make of flight such rapt, keen joyance  
As thrills two voyaging towards no shore.

Love o'er our youth lies pure and soft  
As yonder snow on field and croft;  
From stars flake on bright flake was falling,  
While up we rustled; so on, aloft—

On through unmeasured silence deep,  
More recreative than than sleep,  
And use of love's wings is than dreaming  
More cordial and of a wider sweep.

T. STURGE MOORE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE GREAT STORM OF 1703.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having read in Macaulay's essay on Addison that many country houses were blown down in the great storm of November, 1703, I have always looked out in your columns to see whether any of the country houses described therein were damaged on that occasion. Oddly enough, this week you mention that storm in connection not with any damage to the house at Langley, but with two deaths in the family owning it—one at sea, and the other in a bishop's palace. Can you kindly tell me whether there is any record in existence of any country house having been actually destroyed on that occasion, and, if so, which house or houses?—CHARLES CLINTON, Penge.

[The chief sources of information with regard to the awful storm of November 27th, 1703, are the communications of Dr. Derham to the Royal Society in the following year, and a compilation, edited by Daniel Defoe, as to its general results. There is also an anonymous pamphlet termed "An Exact Relation . . . by an Ingenious Hand." There are also various scattered printed references to its effects, as well as brief MS. accounts of local disasters, particularly in parish registers or churchwardens' accounts. Defoe says, in his general conclusions, "The Seats of the Gentlemen in all places had an extraordinary share in the Damage; their Parks were in many places perfectly dismantled, the Trees before their Doors levelled, their Garden Walls blown down, and I could give a List, I believe, of a thousand Gents in England, who had from 5 to 20 Stacks of Chimneys blown down, some more, some less, according to the several Dimensions of the Houses." The great house of the Earl of Northampton, termed Cambray House, near Islington, lost twelve stacks of chimneys. At "Brewton" (Broughton) the battlements of Lady Fitzharding's house were blown down, though of extraordinary weight. At Jurdans, a gentleman's seat near Ilminster, the brick stable was blown down, though the four horses in it escaped. At White Larkington Park, in the same neighbourhood, 400 or 500 large trees were blown down, as well as "a very fine walk of trees before the house," the dovecote, and a lodge house, and great damage done to the gardens. At Hinton St. George, at Lord Paulet's place, above sixty trees about 100ft. high fell, as well as a long brick wall built two years before, and which was, apparently, a garden wall. At Kingston-on-Thames the garden walls pertaining to several gentlemen's houses were blown down. At Hatfield House the summer-house on the east side of the bowling green was carried away, and a great part of the south wall of one of the gardens fell; part of the painted east window "in my Lord Salisbury's chapel" was broken, and other damage done to the house. The devastation in Hatfield Park, and in Brocton Hall Park in that parish—belonging to Sir John Reade—was appalling. At Bagshot, Surrey, the chimneys of the Manor House were blown down, together with "400 Pound of Oaks and some of the garden walls." Four or five chimney-stacks at "my Lord Montacute's house" near Midhurst were overthrown, one of them doing considerable damage to the great hall. Lady Penelope Nicholas, sister to the Earl of Northampton, living at Horsley, Sussex, was killed by the fall of a chimney-stack, and her husband, Sir John Nicholas, taken out of the rubbish dangerously injured. Thomas Lanier, Esq., "near Cranbrook in the wilds of Kent, at his ancient Mansion House, called Pump House, by the signal and particular care of Heaven escaped Death"; a great chimney-stack fell, and carried him, and his bed, and the chamber floor into the cellar, where he was found unturt. Many small houses were entirely

destroyed or rendered uninhabitable up and down the country, particularly in Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, and Somersetshire.—ED.]

### THE PRESERVATION OF BLACK GAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the correspondence you have published lately in your columns on the above subject, I think there is no doubt that black game are decreasing in numbers, although there has decidedly been a slight revival in the seasons 1904 and 1905. This I attribute to favourable nesting seasons; but on the whole, as the following figures will show, a steady decrease is observable in their numbers. The two sets of figures below represent the average number of black game per annum killed on two different moors, situate in this neighbourhood (Cumberland), during periods of five years as under:

#### AVERAGE NUMBER OF BLACK GAME KILLED PER ANNUM.

Moor of 10,000 acres.			Moor of 5,000 acres.		
1850—1854	...	48	1890—1894	...	29
1855—1859	...	91	1895—1899	...	28
1860—1864	...	42	1900—1904	...	45
1865—1869	...	175	1885—1889	...	77
1870—1874	...	146	1890—1894	...	68
1875—1879	...	90	1895—1899	...	76
1880—1884	...	22	1900—1904	...	54
1885—1889	...	46	1905	...	80

Unfortunately, as regards the smaller moor I have no records prior to 1885, but undoubtedly before that date larger bags of black game were made. I am of opinion that other game books would show a similar decrease; at any rate, here on the borders. Now as to the cause of this decrease. Personally, I think it is due to the increased number of shooters, especially occupiers of small holdings, who harry the black game when they come to feed on the stooks. Black game cannot keep away from cornstooks. Even if a shot is fired at them when feeding on the stooks, they are back again in half-an-hour. No doubt, as one of your correspondents states, a good number of young, immature black game are shot over dogs, and the grey hens also suffer in this way; but old hens are almost as detrimental to the maintenance of a stock of black game as cocks, and it is undoubtedly a mistake to only shoot cocks. The ideal way would be to shoot the old hens and spare the young ones; but how is this desideratum to be arrived at? All that can be done is to shoot every cock that can be killed, and such proportion of hens as may reasonably be expected to take toll of the old birds. Black game do not readily contract grouse disease; in fact, it is only in isolated instances that they have been known to die of it, but they are very susceptible to gapes, and numbers of young ones, in a wet breeding season, succumb to this disease. To sum up, I should say that the following are the chief reasons for the decrease of black game: 1, the increased number of shooters; 2, the shooting of black game when feeding on the stooks by occupiers of small holdings. The remedy for this state of affairs seems more simple than would at first sight appear—viz., merely to make the close season for black game identical with that for pheasants, namely, from February 1st to October 1st. This would stop the shooting of immature poult which can scarcely be kicked up at the end of August, and it would also stop the early part of the stooking season.—RICHARD GRAHAM.

## A MISERERE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you an admirable photograph, taken by Mr. Frederick H. Evans, whose work we have often admired in your pages, of the carving on a "miserere" in St. David's Cathedral. It represents a party of monks crossing the strait to pursue their missionary labours in Ramsey Island, just off the coast of Pembrokeshire. I need not point out how the artist, with



naïve realism, has depicted one, at least, of the holy men suffering for his faith on those choppy waters, while another lays a comforting hand on his throbbing head; but I should like to call particular attention to the figure of the oarsman. It is full of life and energy; you can almost see the coracle move beneath the vigour of his stroke; and in its high artistic value it reminds me of the figure of Noah building the Ark, which occurs among the statues on the beautiful west front of the cathedral at Wells, where Noah is represented sawing planks with his knee on a bench. Possibly some of your readers may not know the meaning of the ledge which appears above the carving. Ledge and carving are both *underneath* the real seat of the stall, which, in the photograph, is tipped up on its hinges against the back. The ledge is just broad enough to sit upon, but not broad enough to go to sleep upon. On certain occasions, or in certain particular cases, the monk or priest was ordered to tip his seat back and sit as best he could on the miserere. It was not so comfortable as to induce sloth, and, should he manage to fall asleep, the chances were that in slipping forward he would bring the whole seat with him, with a crash that could be heard all over the church. These misereres, being underneath the seat and not constantly exposed to view, were often regarded by the carvers as opportunities for the display of their humour, which is not always of the most delicate order. I recall a miserere in the church at Stratford-upon-Avon, which depicts with infinite fun but very little reserve a quarrel between husband and wife; and some of the most imaginative of mediæval grotesques may be found in these spots. —H. E. N.

FIRST CATCH YOUR—  
RABBIT!

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your paper of November 25th you relate that Mr. Rodie, sheep-farmer, of Queensland, Australia, has discovered a remedy for the rabbit pest on his land, and so complete has been his victory that he is anxious to see his method universally adopted on that Continent. He has been "catching his tormentors alive in traps of his own devising"; then he kills all the does and releases the bucks, with the result that polyandry ensues, with a reduction of fertility of the does, etc., until they gradually diminish. Now the whole crux of this consummation hinges upon first catching alive, tens, I may say hundreds of thousands, of rabbits. Can you, Sir, or any of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE give any suggestion or description of traps capable of doing this; if so, I and many others would be thankful. It rather reminds me of a tale of my very early youth, when I was told the best and easiest way to catch sparrows was to put salt on their tails. —F. W. GARDINER, 11, Victoria Road, Leicester.

## KESTREL AND WAGTAIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the instance quoted by a correspondent in your issue of November 18th of a kestrel making a stoop at a swallow, I may say that about a year ago I was sitting in the garden watching a pied wagtail catching flies upon the roof of the house, as is his daily custom. Suddenly he gave a scream of fear and darted from the roof like a flash of lightning, pursued by a kestrel, who made a stoop at him in the air, but missed him. Next day the wagtail was back again on the roof, and, so far as I know, has never since been molested. I have lived in this neighbourhood (where there are numbers of kestrels) for more than six years, but this is the only instance that has come under my observation of a kestrel attempting to take a bird on the wing. Of course, when a kestrel is persistently mobbed by a number of small birds he will sometimes make a dash at one of his tormentors—without success so far as my observation goes; but this is a different matter. —I. NORMAN, Beaminster, Dorset.

THE HIND AND THE  
NECKLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was much interested in the photograph of the hind appearing in your issue of December 2nd, which Mr. Taylor suggests may be the same beast mentioned in my article on "Abnormalities among Deer." It seems hardly possible, as the hind referred to got her strange necklace three years ago, and was in very bad condition when last seen. At the same time, Badanloch cannot be more than a dozen or so miles from the spot where she met with her curious accident. Perhaps someone who knows the district could say whether anything has been heard of such a beast during the past three seasons. For a misfortune of this nature to have afflicted two hinds would be even more extraordinary than that they should prove to be identical. I see from the photograph that the whole bucket is round her neck, not merely the handle, as I imagined was the case. She looks in poor condition, though Mr. Taylor makes no reference to this point. —H. FRANK WALLACE.

## "HIELANDERS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Life is doubtless as serious a thing to these two as ever it was to the dog Dr. John Brown tells of; they can never get "enough fechtin";



but it is with their natural foes rather than strange dogs, whom they are rarely likely to meet in their quests along the lonely lochside and up the cleuchs. Different in type, they yet are at one in the pluck and determination that comes alone from generations of ancestors all "entered to the game," and whether in pursuit of wounded stag, or the desperate worry far in under the rocks of a hill-fox's earth, death alone is the only alternative: they know to victory. —R. Y.